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TIME

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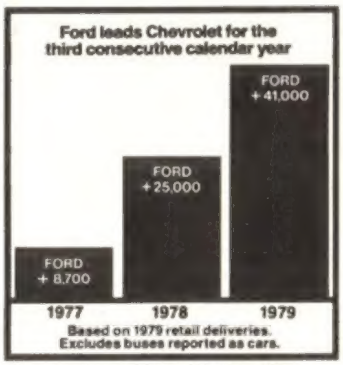

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FORD DIVISION

JANUARY 21, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 3 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

With 15 states and nearly a third of the U.S.'s population under its purview, our Chicago-based Midwest bureau is never short of stories. But last week, with the embargo of Soviet grain sales sending shock waves through the Great Plains and a herd of presidential hopefuls campaigning in Iowa before the state's party caucuses, the bureau's correspondents found their list of assignments unusually heavy. Says Benjamin Cate, who has been Midwest's chief since 1975: "It was our busiest week with breaking stories since our cover on the Big Freeze of the winter of 1977. And it was just as frantic and even more complicated than any election-week reporting."

BILL DANIEL

TIME's Ben Cate in Des Moines

Cate was already out in snow-choked Des Moines with the G.O.P. candidates who had come to Iowa when TIME's editors in New York scheduled the cover story on the grain embargo. Filling in for Cate in Chicago, Correspondent Madeleine Nash marshaled stringers (part-time correspondents) to assess reaction to the embargo in the farm states and tapped her own agriculture sources. Patricia Delaney reported on the hectic commodities trading at the Chicago Board of Trade, while David Jackson interviewed experts on the gasohol program. Barry Hillenbrand, who had been following Ted Kennedy's efforts to explain his candidacy to Iowa's voters, broke away to join Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland as he tried to explain the Administration's grain-sales policy to the state's farmers. During his 2½ years in the bureau, Hillenbrand, previously a foreign correspondent, has reported many agriculture stories and developed a fondness for the men who farm. "They are some of the few Americans who really put the country ahead of making a buck," he says. "Many support the embargo; though, like Manhattan cab drivers, they never stop complaining about their lot."

Besides being one of our largest domestic news bureaus, in terms of the population and territory it covers (from North Dakota and Minnesota south to Oklahoma), the Midwest bureau is also the oldest. It was established in 1929 and counts as the first cover it reported a 1930 piece on Mobster Al Capone. Nowadays the big stories that occupy the bureau can range from projects involving long-term reporting, like our November 1978 cover on "The New U.S. Farmer" to this week's fast-breaking examination of "Grain As a Weapon." Such high-pressure assignments can be tough, but, as Nash explains, they also have their compensations. Says she: "It's like the man who when asked why he climbed mountains replied: 'Because it feels so good when I stop.' "

John a. Meyer

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American Scene

In California: New Doc on the Hill

People around Feather Falls remember when anyone who got seriously injured was likely to be strapped into a canoe for a bumpy 20-mile ride down the lumber flume to the Marysville hospital. Those less ill were treated by the Widow Griffith—until she died at the age of 98. Says Marysville's Dr. Lynn Frink: "They would come in with half their face eaten away with a cancer that could have been treated successfully three years ago; or they'd be in bad shape from heart disease when all they needed was digitalis. If they should have been treated months before, you could bet they were from up that hill."

Medically, things are looking up for people on the Hill, a rough, largely unchanged slab of the California Sierras, dotted with gold-panners' shanties and crisscrossed by streams of flashing gold and speckled trout. Fortnight ago, for example, when Logger Bill Lingenfelter was pinned by a "widowmaker"—a tree falling in the wrong direction—his crew mates rushed him to Dr. John Rose. The "Doc" swiftly took 30 stitches in Lingenfelter's right leg and put splints on him.

The stitching was done at the new Yuba-Feather Health Center, three log cabins built as a staging site for fighting forest fires but recently transformed into a medical resource serving 8,000 people spread over 900 sq. mi. of mountain. It was paid for out of federal and private funds, which cover the salaries of two full-time physicians: Rose, 32, and his partner, Dr. William Hoffman, 34. Both the center and the young doctors who staff it are signs of a national effort to bring doctoring back to rural America.

Just before this winter's storms arrived, along with an anticipated 18 ft. of snow, the Yuba-Feather Health Center held its first open house. Furniture in the waiting room was pushed back for dancing. Hill people arrived from lumbering outposts, such as Shenanigan Flats, Timbuctoo, Challenge and Strawberry Valley. Carrying plastic wine glasses, they poked their heads into the X-ray area, the pharmacy and the psychologist's quarters. They wandered through the cook's shack, now transformed into a dentist's office. And they studied twinkling, gyrating machines in the laboratory, formerly a fire fighters' shower room.

Every bit of equipment was proudly introduced to potential patients by young Doc Rose. In the main hallway, a donated defibrillator drew special attention. Everybody knew that shortly after Rose arrived on the Hill, he was called out to help a man electrocuted while stringing a television antenna. The man's heart had stopped, and Rose needed a defibrillator to jolt it back to life with electricity. There was none on the Hill, so Rose drove his car next to the victim and ran jumper cables from the car battery to the man's chest. Even so, the voltage was too weak, and the man could not be revived.

Doc Rose's work load is a throwback to the days of black bags and horse-drawn buggies. In the 3½ years since he came to Feather Falls, he has been careening around its twisty roads in a flower-speckled '68 VW Bug pretty much day and night. Rose talks in an easy country twang that belies his Princeton (B.A. '69) and Baylor (M.D. '73) education. After serving his residency in an urban Oakland, Calif., hospital, he came to Feather Falls and found himself delivering goats, prescribing for sick dogs and sewing up deer attacked by dogs. All that, of course, was in addition to morning rounds and surgery in the Marysville hospital, afternoon office hours, evening community-health meetings and late-night calls from the pregnant or the lonely.

STEPHEN FRISCH

Making a house call, Dr. John Rose checks reflexes of Stroke Victim Jim Miller

Rose makes about $32,000 a year. "I could be making more money in the valley," he says. "But what else could I want? I think I'm just a hick at heart." Says an ancient patient, with an approving smirk: "The Doc is busier than a long-tailed cat in a roomful of rocking chairs."

That kind of approval came hard. Whispered exchanges over backyard fences about the Doc's "live-in" girlfriend, a lab technician at the center, are just now dying down. Feather Falls is a company town, wholly owned by the Louisiana-Pacific Corp. Its 800 citizens live in white-trimmed, barn-red houses, paying an average $125-a-month rent. They did not know what to make of an antiwar activist like Rose who dressed in red flannel shirts, green silk dotted ties and baggy, unpressed jeans. His walrus mustache, gold-rimmed glasses and long brown hair brought to mind not young Dr. Kildare but Billy Shears from the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*.

Long before John Rose was born, general practitioners began disappearing from the American landscape. But a decade ago, medical schools started offering a new specialty called family practice. Rose signed up, and so did many others. Today there are 54,000 family physicians in the U.S. (as compared with 21,000 in 1969). "The problem in medicine used to be the discovery of causes and cures of diseases," Rose explains. "Now it is the distribution and application of that knowledge. For that, the generalist is what's needed." Getting the information across can be a slow process. Rose is deep into organizing Grange dances and fishing trips. He plays on the local basketball team (9 won, 5 lost so far), and has led lobbying to keep Yuba County from paving the rutted country roads, thus bringing unwanted traffic to the Hill. On Rose's wall is tacked a sign. GOD GRANT ME PATIENCE . . . AND I WANT IT RIGHT NOW.

During the center's open house, Harry Hollis, 64, a retired carpenter, chatted at the punch bowl with Jim Miller, 48. Hollis, the day before, had held in his hands a strip of eleven color photographs taken of the inside of his stomach. Miller had recently spent a day patched to a portable EKG machine. Doc Rose's calendar showed an appendectomy first thing in the morning. It no longer seemed to matter how long it had been since his last haircut. — ***Dick Thompson***

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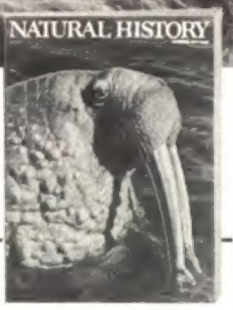

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Letters

Man of the Year

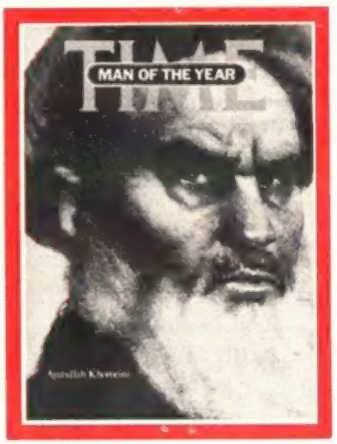
To the Editors:

Your selection of the Ayatullah Khomeini as Man of the Year [Jan. 7] denies all respect to those in this country who value the most honorable characteristics of modern civilization. You bestow this honor on a person for the mere reason that he created and influenced news, "for better or for worse." I am sure Jesse James would have been pleased to see his face on something other than a WANTED poster.

Allen S. Benas
Clayton, N.Y.

I suppose you'll get a lot of complaints, but may I suggest to the complainers that this is not a popularity contest or glorification of anybody. It is a choice of who has had the most influence on the news in 1979. I applaud TIME for the guts to make the obvious choice in the face of predictable protest during a time of high emotion.

Robert J. Weaver
Layton, Utah



Disgusting! Even Jane Fonda would have been an improvement.

Bennett W. Bubb
Topeka, Kans.

In the future, try not to pick a snake in the grass but a dove in the sky.

June Wilson
Staunton, Va.

After reading "Portrait of an Ascetic Despot" I feel, for the first time, sorrow instead of hatred for the Ayatullah Khomeini. He looks for a utopia for his people, but all that he can manage, or will manage, is the "rah, rah" of emotionalism. An excellent article.

Dan Tuharsky
New London, Conn.

You showed us the man we have to deal with and why he is doing it. That is your responsibility: to inform.

Christopher Larson
Randallstown, Md.

At a time when the country needs a model to aid in unifying and upgrading our democratic lives, you glorify a self-appointed deity who seeks only to humiliate and destroy us.

Peter C. Zimmermann
Loma Linda, Calif.

Is TIME going backward? Its Man of the Year comes from the Middle Ages.

Ephraim Rein
Oakland, Calif.

That beast Khomeini as Man of the Year? Most of the people I know look upon the choice as an honor, comparable only to the Nobel Peace Prize.

Constance Tierney
Denver

Recognition of this kind is pure stupidity. You should flagellate yourselves.

Ruth Carney
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Your choice was obvious. Despite the humanitarian efforts of persons like Mother Teresa of India and even President Carter, the demonic Khomeini was the person who made news. 1979 was a horrible year, which included Three Mile Island, continued violence in Northern Ireland, a coup in Afghanistan, as well as the embassy takeover in Iran. It is fitting that Khomeini, the devil's henchman, is the Man of the Year.

Kenneth Traisman
Chicago

If you insist upon using as your criterion "The person or group who . . . has done the most to change the news, for better or for worse," then you might at least consider changing the title to Newsmaker of the Year.

Jill Menkes Kushner
Robb A. Kushner
Trumbull, Conn.

Congratulations on making it perfectly clear, once and for all, that the Man of the Year award goes to the person who made the greatest impact, as opposed to the greatest contribution.

Gil Campbell
Boulder, Colo.

Change your definition or do away with the award.

Madeline Tortolano
Royalton, Vt.

I understand it is the person who generates the most news, but does it have to be the person who generates the most bad news? Disgusting!

Donna Herrmann
West Allis, Wis.

To be blinded by the illusion of journalistic integrity is no less dangerous than to be blinded by religious zeal. Millions will see the cover, but how many will know or understand your intention? You could have shown true courage in publishing the Man of the Year issue with an all black-and-blank cover.

Joseph Napora
Baltimore

You had no other choice than to go with that old bearded baggage. Unfortunately, there are no giants challenging him, and there is such a dearth of top candidates among men of good will.

Jim Griffith
Cincinnati

I applaud TIME's courage. Your critics reveal a fear and inability to recognize the dynamics of world politics.

Steve Collins
Mexico, Mo.

Your Man of the Year cover "portrait" of Khomeini, complete with reddened eyes and baleful glare, simply serves to show how the media can be perverted to propagate prejudice, hatred and ill feeling among people. Is this responsible journalism?

Edward York
Fort Collins, Colo.

Your cover will be reproduced in Iran on placards, in newspapers, on television and will become just one more piece of evidence that the madman of Qum is winning his war of wills with the American people.

Michael A. Heymann
Broad Brook, Conn.

It looks too easy—all you need to do is wave to illiterate crowds, give your support to a group of uncontrollable "students," and blast fiery criticisms to a distant superpower—to get selected TIME's Man of the Year.

Pat Wood III
Groves, Texas

If one tiny man can make a fool of the entire U.S., then I say he deserves the title.

Angel M. Rosado
New York City

Apparently an international crime made Khomeini your Man of the Year. Upon what roll of national honor do you record the names of the U.S. hostages who brought him to your attention?

Martha and Henry Hodges
Carson City, Nev.

An excellent choice. Khomeini accomplished what no politician or preacher in the U.S. could do. He aroused and unified our nation.

Leo Sporko
Scranton, Pa.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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It was a very good year.

Golden mountains of grain in the Midwest are an object of the world's wonder, but some storage piles are by now three years old

TIME | JAN. 21, 1980

COVER STORIES

Grain Becomes a Weapon

Carter uses it to pressure the Soviets, but U.S. farmers call for help

The singling out of food as a bargaining weapon is something that I would not do. If we want to put economic pressure on another nation under any circumstances . . . I would not single out food.
—Jimmy Carter, 1976

And sometimes they say that you eat
the bear
But sometime the bear eats you.
—Jim Croce, *Hard Time Losin' Man*

It violated all Jimmy Carter's instincts —his political instinct for the charitable gesture, his personal instinct for compassion—to break his own campaign promise and cut off the golden flow of U.S. grain to the Soviet Union. But at the same time he was filled with rage and frustration at the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and particularly by what he felt was Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's lying justification of it. He stalked around the White House, bristling with anger. "Because of the way that I've handled Iran, they think I don't have the guts to do anything," he told one aide. "You're going to be amazed at how tough I'm going to be."

That was the mood in which Carter had gone on television to order an unprecedented series of retaliations against the Soviet Union, highlighted by an embargo on the sale of $2.6 billion worth of corn, wheat and soybeans. For the first time in two months the 50 American captives in Tehran faded into the background. Said one high U.S. official: "The hostages are a burning but historically insignificant issue." Instead, the world now focused its attention on the more important—and potentially far more dangerous —confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

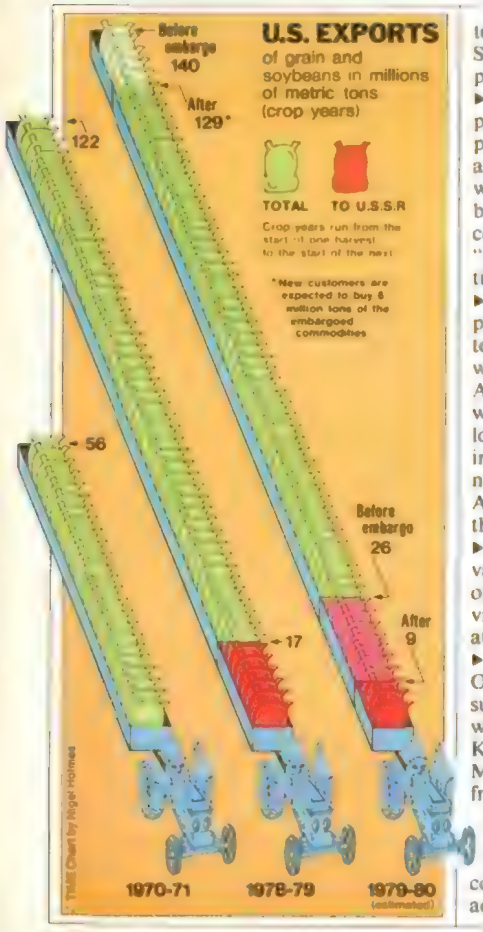
Whether Carter's move would have any serious effect on the Soviets remained a matter of strong debate, but it caused thunderous reverberations last week through the great grain belt of the U.S. Middle West. Grain prices plunged on the commodities markets and the politically powerful farmers protested mightily that they were being ruined. Most of Carter's rivals for the presidency denounced his embargo as unfair and ineffective, and there were some predictions that these criticisms would soon be translated into opposition votes in the Iowa caucuses on Jan. 21 and in early primary elections.

To limit the damage at home, the Administration announced that it would bail out U.S. farmers and exporters from their unfulfilled Soviet grain contracts. The Government will offer some of the grain to hungry Third World nations, use some in a stepped-up gasohol program, and store the remainder until it can be sold without disrupting markets. The price tag for the program may top $4 billion, including the cost of the exporters' contracts, storage fees, and extra support loans to farmers.

To give the industry time to digest the new moves, Washington suspended all trading in grain futures for two days; never in peacetime had such a move been necessary (*see box*). When the market did open, grain prices fell as much as the daily limit permitted, but by the weekend they appeared to be stabilizing. Still, Carter's critics charged that the embargo would severely damage the U.S. balance of trade, and that his efforts to soften the blow would seriously increase the inflationary budget deficit.

Still, the Administration pressed its efforts to let its fury over the Afghanistan invasion be plain for Moscow to see. Car-

This Soviet ship was hastily loaded by night in Baltimore in order to sail before a longshoremen's boycott of Russian cargoes



ter told a group of Congressmen that the Soviet attack was "the greatest threat to peace since the second World War."

▶ Government officials last week suspended all shipments to the Soviets of sophisticated machinery, such as computers and drilling bits, until they determine what items are covered by the President's ban on selling high technology to Moscow. Quipped an Administration official: "We will exempt nothing but shoes and ties."

▶ The Department of Transportation dispatched two big 378-ft. Coast Guard cutters, the *Midgett* and the *Rush*, to keep watch over Soviet trawlers fishing off Alaska. The Soviet catch in U.S. waters will be limited to the 75,000 metric tons allowed under permits issued by the U.S. in November; the Soviets had counted on netting about 435,000 tons of fish in American waters this year, about 3% of their annual consumption.

▶ The State Department withdrew an advance party of seven American consular officials from Kiev and expelled 17 Soviet diplomats from a temporary consulate in New York City.

▶ The Administration suggested that the Olympics now scheduled for Moscow this summer should be moved elsewhere, which would severely embarrass the Kremlin. Said Vice President Walter Mondale: "This would permit athletes from around the world to hold that important event without politics but not in a setting where we are in effect granting legitimacy to a country that has just committed an outrageous and indecent act of aggression."

The Administration also pointedly paid court to the Soviets' bitter foes, the Chinese. While on a trip to Peking that had been scheduled some months before, Defense Secretary Harold Brown suggested that, despite their obvious differences, the U.S. and China might seek "complementary actions" to counter Soviet expansionism. Brown announced that the U.S. would provide Peking with a ground station for receiving signals from satellites — the sort of high technology that is being denied to the Soviets. Further, Brown and his hosts indicated that they would hold future talks on military affairs, which signaled Washington's interest in creating an important new element in the strategic balance of power by linking U.S. and Chinese security interests. As a symbolic touch, Brown even posed in a Chinese-made T-59 tank.

The Administration quickly found itself with some unofficial support. Acting on its own, the International Longshoremen's Association declared a boycott in ports from Maine to Texas on all cargo to or from the U.S.S.R., leaving Moscow with no way to obtain the 3.4 million metric tons* of U.S. corn that is exempt from Carter's embargo. The corn is part of the 6 million to 8 million tons that the U.S. had promised to sell to the U.S.S.R. each year under a long-term agreement signed by both governments in 1975; at least an additional

*Grain exports are measured in metric tons, equal to about 2,205 lbs. A metric ton of soybeans contains about 37 bu., of wheat about 37 bu., of corn about 39 bu.

4 million to 6 million tons have already been delivered.

The U.S. also found some support among governments in its anger at the Soviets. Delegates from 17 Muslim countries attending a conference on Islam in Kuala Lumpur condemned "the dastardly crime by the Soviet Union against the Afghan people." At the U.N., scores of nations denounced the U.S.S.R. before both the Security Council and the General Assembly (*see* WORLD)

When it came to taking direct action in support of the U.S. embargo, however, many U.S. allies proved skittish. Two of the other major grain exporters—Canada and Australia—agreed not to increase their sales to the Soviets, but they would not cancel any existing contracts. The other big exporter, Argentina, refused to cooperate at all with Washington. The West Europeans are not selling grain to the Soviets, but refused to curb their sales of high technology. Said French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet: "We have no intention of modifying our commercial relations with the U.S.S.R." Added a German Foreign Ministry official with a keen sense of national priorities: "Which is more important to the West as a whole—West Berlin or Kabul?"

Only Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher proved truly resolute. She announced that Britain would stop supplying the Soviets with high technology, would refuse to negotiate new trade agreements with them and would suspend visits by Soviet officials, including Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. In private she scoffed at the continental allies as "bloody wets," meaning, roughly, drips.

Even if America's allies were more enthusiastic in their support, the brunt of Carter's campaign would still have to be borne by the U.S. grain industry, which has long been one of the wonders of the world. A century ago, when the enormous fields of the West were first being sown, Frank Norris marveled at the richness of the wheat crop: "There it lay, a vast silent ocean, shimmering a pallid green under the moon and under the stars; a mighty force, the strength of nations, the life of the world. There in the night, under the dome of the sky, it was growing . . ." In the decades since, production has doubled and redoubled until today the U.S. grows almost half of all the world's corn, two-thirds of its soybeans and more than a tenth of its wheat. Producing food is the nation's most efficient and most productive industry.

Until World War II, the burgeoning U.S. population still needed to import more food products than it exported, but starting in the mid-1940s, American agriculture was revolutionized by better technology, better seeds, and better use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides. Farms grew larger and the number of people on them dwindled—to less than 5% of today's population, compared with 23% in 1940. One farmer in the U.S. now feeds 75 people. By comparison, in the Soviet Union, which has less rainfall, less arable land, a shorter growing season and a far less efficient agricultural system, one farmer feeds only ten people.

An American Agricultural Movement protester in Kansas

"We planted fence post to fence post, and now this happens."

Though most American farm products are still consumed at home, ever increasing quantities are sold overseas. U.S. food exports grew at a steady pace in the 1950s and 1960s, then quintupled in the 1970s, from $6 billion to $32 billion last year, thus holding down the deficit caused by $70 billion in oil imports. The U.S. now exports more wheat, corn and other coarse grains (barley, oats, sorghum) than all the rest of the world combined. About one-fourth of America's 413 million acres of crop land are planted for export, and foreign demand is expected to keep on growing for the foreseeable future.

Grain farmers had bin-bursting harvests in 1979, and that was for the fifth year in a row. Farmers raised a record 7.6 billion bu. of corn. Much of it, 60%, will be used as animal feed; only about 10% will be consumed directly by Americans, usually in bread, breakfast cereal and fructose (a sweetener). The remainder, before Carter's embargo, was destined for export, along with 36% of the 1979 crop of soybeans and 60% of the year's wheat. The embargo is expected to reduce overall exports from the '79 grain crop by 8%. Most export grain travels by barge or railroad car to ships in New Orleans and the Texas Gulf ports. At Houston, Cargill Inc., one of the world's biggest grain exporters, receives up to 300 railroad cars of grain a day. The grain is transferred by a conveyor system to towering, 125-ft. elevators (capacity 4 million bu.), then poured into ships from twelve spouts at the rate of 70,000 bu. an hour.

Bergland defending the embargo against a farmer in Iowa

"Risk taking is part of farming."

Since the Depression, the U.S. Government has protected farmers from disastrous drops in grain prices. Until the early 1970s the Agriculture Department bought farmers' surpluses and stored them temporarily in huge and expensive granaries. The department also paid farmers millions to take some of their land out of production—perhaps the biggest and most expensive support program the U.S. ever had. This all changed when Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz took advantage of the worldwide grain shortage to sell the Government's storage facilities and urged farmers to plant from "fence post to fence post." At the same time, Congress rewrote the farm-support law so that nearly all crops would end up being sold on the private market, not to the Government.

But the law still provides farmers with considerable protection from the vicissitudes of the marketplace.

Washington makes cash payments to them if prices fall below Government-set "target prices." In addition, the Government encourages farmers to store on their own land, partly at taxpayers' expense, any crops that they do not sell immediately. These can be used as collateral for low-interest loans from the Government, which annually sets a "loan price."

When Carter decided to intervene in this enormous agricultural machine, Treasury Secretary G. William Miller was vacationing in the Bahamas, and nobody summoned him back home. "The economics of this thing were simply not paramount in anyone's mind," says one White House economist. Observes another Carter aide: "I really think the President is tired of economists theorizing about what the U.S. can and cannot do."

But the White House seems not even to have known where most of the embargoed grain was, or what its owners would do when they heard that their sales were being canceled. Administration officials did not even plan to meet with grain exporters until last Tuesday. By then the grain market would have been in a state of anarchy. Saturday, the day after Carter's announcement, about 20 representatives of large grain exporters rushed to Washington to give the Administration the bad news: they owned most of the embargoed grain and would have to dump it on the market Monday morning. That would send prices through the floor. Washington officials huddled hastily and decided to suspend trading in corn, wheat and soybeans for two days. Then, with Carter's blessing, the officials announced that the Government would buy all the grain held by the exporters, at an estimated cost of $2.25 billion. This stopped all talk of a fire sale of grain contracts.

The 17 million tons of embargoed grain is now in the U.S. agribiz pipeline, stretching from the Dakotas to the Gulf of Mexico. A large quantity is in the huge elevators of New Orleans and the Texas ports. Some is aboard barges and railroad cars that were still moving south last week, while the rest is in the elevators of Midwestern farm cooperatives or in farmers' storage bins. When trading reopened on Wednesday, prices dropped immediately.

Still undetermined is where the Government will store the grain it buys. Midwestern elevators and storage bins are already bulging with the largest grain stockpiles since 1972-73, when sharp-eyed Soviet traders cleaned out most U.S. reserves at bargain-basement prices in what has been known ever since as the great grain robbery. Some Administration critics predict that the excess grain will wind up rotting in sheds or under plastic tarps.

The Administration also took action to protect the farmers from price drops. It increased support loan prices from $2.35 to $2.50 a bu. for wheat and from $2 to $2.10 a bu. for corn. It also increased the storage fee that it pays farmers, from 25¢ to 26.5¢ a bu. for corn and wheat. The intent of both steps, which will cost an estimated $409 million this year, is to enable farmers to withhold their crops from the market. In addition, the Administration is considering paying farmers to take land out of production this spring, which some experts estimate will cost taxpayers about $950 million.

In the week-long confusion, farmers, exporters, transport operators, equipment manufacturers—everyone touched by the grain industry—tried to figure out whether they were winners or losers. Almost none of them came up with any final answers. Few could even keep up with the drum roll of announcements from Washington. Complained Charles H. Fields, a spokesman for the American Farm Bureau Federation: "The Government just hasn't made clear what it is going to do. How can we operate when the rules change every day?" Not only farmers were confused. Members of the Carter Administration also had not figured out the ramifications of the President's new policies. Sniped Robert Russell, a Senate expert on international finance who attended two Administration briefings on the embargo: "They are still trying to decide what it is that they are doing and what it is that they have done."

In the absence of any solid information on the embargo's effect on them, farmers did what they normally do in times of uncertainty: assumed the worst. So did many farm economists. Most experts predicted that the embargo's long-term effect on U.S. grain prices will be bad for the grain farmer. However, this may eventually mean somewhat lower food prices for the general public. It would also be a benefit to those U.S. farmers who buy grain for their livestock. Says Sung Won Son, senior vice-president and chief economist for Northwestern National Bank in Minneapolis: "Having the grain overhang the market will psychologically and actually depress market prices. The grain exporters and elevators are large enough to survive the crisis. The real hardship will be down on the farm." Experts figure that the embargo will cut farm income this year by 10%. The loss will ripple through the farm economy, affecting rural bankers, storeowners, feed companies and fertilizer manufacturers.

That prospect—though it may not actually come true—filled many farmers with indignation. Some of them gathered glumly at local grain elevators, the first stop for much U.S. grain after it leaves farm storage bins. At Secor, Ill., four farmers watched the prices fall on a TV screen. "I don't think the shock has hit them," said Manager John Aeschliman. Just before the embargo he bought corn at up to $2.96 a bu.; his first purchase last week was from a scared farmer at $2.12 a bu. At the Pro-Farmer elevator in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, two farmers were willing to sell corn at $2 a bu., compared with $2.25 a bu. before the embargo, but found no takers.

"When it comes to wanting to blow the hell outa the Ayatullah, I'm as patriotic as anyone. But I don't see embargoing our dear Russian friends over some little misunderstanding."

Members of the American Agriculture Movement, which sponsored a tractor drive-in to Washington last year to protest low farm prices, demonstrated in front of Government agriculture offices in more than half of Oklahoma's 77 counties. In Sharon Springs, Kans., angry AAM members mounted their tractors and surrounded the office of the U.S. Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service. Protest Leader Paul Wilson accused the Government of betrayal. Said he: "We planted fence post to fence post like they wanted, and now this is what happens." Said Wheat Farmer Lysle Davidson Jr. of Johnson City, Kans.: "We think of ourselves as patriotic. We want to do what we can. But we shouldn't have to go broke being patriotic."

Some farmers rallied to Carter's cause. One was Ronald Johnson, 41, who farms 1,100 acres in Eureka, Ill. Sitting

in his kitchen, with a view over his winter brown fields, Johnson declared: "All that people like the Russians understand is raw, naked power. I just hope the American farmer doesn't have to be the goat." Most Eureka farmers have not yet sold 75% of their 1979 crops. But Johnson was luckier than his neighbors: he contracted to sell his record 1979 harvest of corn and soybeans even before the seed was in the ground, when prices were fairly high. Just a few days after Carter's announcement, Johnson loaded part of his production, about 8,000 bu. of soybeans, aboard a truck bound for the Ralston Purina Co. plant in Bloomington, 20 miles to the south. Says he: "I've covered my expenses. Now I've only got 15,000 bu. of corn that hasn't been marketed—my profit."

In the Red River Valley of western Minnesota, Tom Sinner, 51, who farms 2,000 acres with his family, was also in a quandary. "I don't like what the Russians are doing," he said, "and I don't like selling them high technology, or food for that matter. But we have no illusions about it not costing us. We would like to see everyone else sacrifice too." Sinner has yet to sell most of his 1979 crop and has yet to decide on his spring planting. He could switch more of his land to durum wheat —all of which is sold to domestic manufacturers of spaghetti and macaroni—or to sunflowers and sugar beets. But sunflowers are in oversupply, and sugar-beet processors are working overtime to absorb the 1979 harvest. Said Sinner: "Probably there's going to be some crop switching. But I figure it's a big guessing game every spring anyway."

Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland delivered much the same message to farmers in Iowa, where many of them last year planted extra acres in corn, expecting to sell it to the Soviets. He told an au-

Playing with the Futures

Straddles, hedges, shorts, longs. To most people, the argot of commodities trading is about as exciting and intelligible as the fine print in a Eurobond offering. Not, however, to the traders and speculators who wheel and deal on the floors of the commodity exchanges of the Midwest, where most of the nation's grain trading takes place. For the high rollers in the mysterious world of wheat and corn futures, soybean stop orders and daily limit moves, commodities are the stuff of fast fortunes.

For two days last week, of course, no one made or lost anything in grain futures trading. By temporarily halting the activity altogether to prevent a panicky overreaction to the cutoff of grain exports to the Soviets, the Administration simply told everyone to calm down and wait before trying to buy or sell in the unsettled market.

Commodities trading is a nerve-racking business even under the best of circumstances, and hundreds of thousands of dollars can be won—and lost—by a 10¢ swing in the price of, say, soybeans, which were selling last week for as much as $6.58 per bu. But the speculative market performs an essential function: it helps give stability, or at least predictability, to the future price of grain. That enables everyone from Nebraska wheat growers to Boston bakers to make intelligent forecasts. Each one can determine just how much he will have to spend to buy or, conversely, how much he can count on receiving for selling, grain as much as 14 months into the future. The futures contracts that are traded on the commodity exchanges enable people in the grain business, or anyone at all, to "lock in" a guaranteed future price for the commodity.

DAVID BARNES

Chicago exchange during trading halt

Say, for example, that an Iowa farmer expects to harvest 50,000 bu. of corn in six months' time. By checking with his broker, he finds that the six-month future price of corn is $2.75 per bu. The farmer calculates that $2.75 per bu. for his crop would be a fair price, so he guarantees that he will get it by "hedging," or agreeing in advance to sell a contract for 50,000 bu. at that price in the futures market. This protects him against a drop in grain prices.

On the other hand, if the price rises to, say, $3 a bushel in six months' time, the farmer would not collect that extra 25¢-a-bushel profit. But farmers are often willing to forgo the opportunity for additional profit in order to guarantee in advance what they consider to be a fair return.

Every day farmers and others use commodities hedging, and far more complex investment techniques as well. So do the nation's large grain trading companies and food corporations like General Mills and ITT Continental Baking Co. Countless more ordinary investors are in the market hoping to make quick and stunning profits. If they are wrong, speculators must be prepared to lose big. Anyone who bet last autumn that January wheat prices would be headed up, and bought the maximum permissible number of 600 wheat futures contracts, could have lost $600,000 in a single day last week. Conversely, anybody who had correctly bet months ago that prices would decline in January, would have reaped rich profits.

With so much money at risk, commodities investors generally were furious that the Administration had halted any commodities trading last week. In fact the 48-hr. cooling-off period was necessary. With millions of tons of grain suddenly available to flood the market, the Administration needed a breathing spell to convince investors that it had a plan to keep prices from plunging to ruinous depths. When grain trading resumed on Wednesday morning, however, it seemed for a while as if panic had not been prevented but merely postponed. No sooner did the opening bell sound in the pits of the Chicago Board of Trade than a roar of sell orders flooded the hall. A record 100 million bu. of corn were offered for sale, but there were few takers. Similar sell orders hit wheat and soybeans. Within minutes, trading came to a virtual halt as one commodity after another slumped to the maximum daily limit permitted under exchange rules. The limits were 10¢ a bu. for corn, 20¢ for wheat and 30¢ for soybeans.

By Thursday morning, there were signs that the market was stabilizing. Wheat, corn and soybeans opened down the maximum limit, but buyers soon came into the market for soybeans, the crop least affected by the embargo. By day's end there were also a few cautious buyers for corn and wheat. On Friday the recovery continued. Grain prices were still below their week-earlier levels, but the slide had halted, at least temporarily, as investors took note of the Administration's steps to help farmers.

Among the first bargain hunters to come back into the market were buyers from Europe and Taiwan. By the Friday close, some optimistic grain men were talking of a full rally by springtime. Said Wallace Weisenborn, vice president for commodities at Chicago's Harris Bank: "In the long run, the world needs U.S. grain. We're the class in the league, and no one else can come close. We have to win out. We're not selling Edsels, you know."

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dience in Harlan: "They knew they were taking a risk. Risk taking is part of farming. I have the tough and brutal decision: Do I accommodate those people who have made the wrong decision? Well, no, I don't think we should."

Bergland's tough talk caused Duane Linden to rise in protest, his voice quivering with emotion and anger. Said he: "We were told that we would have a free market. I was told that we would not have an embargo. I'm an enemy of the Soviet Union just as much as the President is. But you are damn unfair to make me take such a loss on the crop." The crowd applauded. After the meeting, Linden told neighbors: "If I don't get more for my crops, I'm finished."

If grain sales volume drops substantially because of the embargo, elevator operators will be hurt along with the farmers. Richard Goldberg, who owns an elevator and feed firm in Fargo, N. Dak., figures his profits will drop 50% this year. Said he: "It took us years to get a foot in the door of Soviet grain sales. U.S. agriculture is getting kicked in the shins because it was doing a good job."

The large companies that handle the grain on the next step in its journey abroad—the railroads, the exporters and the shippers—all will suffer too. Said Rod Turnbull, spokesman for the Kansas City board of trade: "There is grain on barges, in train cars, in elevators and on farms that is contracted for overseas delivery. We will have a terrific problem straightening it all out." Said John Lambert, a barge operator in St. Paul: "We're concerned, particularly about our debt service. You can tie a barge to the shore, but you can't shut off bankers."

Though the Government will reimburse the exporters for the embargoed grain that they hold, they note that they will still have to absorb the cost of canceled transport contracts, a total of $300 million. Cargill Inc. has invested about $100 million in export facilities recently, partly for shipments to the U.S.S.R. Its newest elevator, a 6 million-bu. behemoth in Reserve, La., cost $50 million. Since Cargill is a heavy seller to Japan, which buys about 17 million tons of U.S. grain a year, the investment is hardly a total loss. But Cargill Spokesman Stuart Baird predicts that it will take from two to five years for the U.S. to find new markets for the embargoed grain. Says he of the lost Soviet sales: "It filled out the pipeline, added to our productivity and profitability all the way down the line. Taking it out will have a significant impact."

In the grain ports along the Gulf, shippers had the additional headache of finding storage space for the grain that keeps arriving. Said a Cargill official in Houston: "It's a madhouse right now, changing every five minutes. What do we do with all that grain?" At first, it was loaded aboard ships destined for the Soviet Union; under normal circumstances, it

Should the Torch Be Passed?

The President first brought up the matter in his television address decrying the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and the threat was unmistakable. "Although the United States would prefer not to withdraw from the Olympic Games scheduled in Moscow this summer," said Jimmy Carter, "the Soviet Union must realize that its continued aggressive actions will endanger both the participation of athletes and the travel to Moscow by spectators who would normally wish to attend the Olympic Games."

That warning of a U.S. boycott of the Moscow Games was followed last week by a potentially even more humiliating suggestion from Vice President Walter Mondale. Said he: "It is my personal belief that the Olympics ought to be held somewhere else." Rosalynn Carter, campaigning in Iowa, also said the Olympic site should be changed, and at week's end the State Department said American participation in the Olympics was "an open question."

Thus was the Carter Administration wrestling publicly with the thorny question of whether its reprisals against the Soviets should, for the first time, include the Olympic Games as a target. Many supporters of the Games argue that a boycott for any political reason is totally wrong and inappropriate. "If the Olympic Games are to survive," says Don Miller, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee (U.S.O.C.), "they must be apolitical and remain in the private sector."

That sentiment about the Olympics has not always held true. In Berlin in 1936, Hitler turned the Games into a goose-stepping showcase of Nazi propaganda. World Wars I and II snuffed out the 1916, 1940 and 1944 Olympiads. The 1972 Munich Games were shattered by an Arab terrorist attack on the Israeli team that left eleven Israeli athletes dead. Past Games have also been boycotted: in 1956, for example, Spain, Switzerland and The Netherlands withdrew from the Melbourne Olympics as a protest of the Soviet invasion of Hungary. And in 1976, 28 African nations abandoned the Montreal Games as a protest against the participation of New Zealand, a country with strong sports ties with the apartheid government of South Africa.

CLARKSON—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Moscow's Lenin Stadium, where the 1980 Games open

Any major boycott or relocation of the Games would deeply embarrass and disappoint the Kremlin, which has tried ever since the early '60s to be named as host. Soviet leaders, notoriously insecure about their country's position in the world, view the Moscow Games as a way to greatly increase their nation's prestige, even as a way to legitimize their system. In the past three years, the Soviets have spent an estimated $375 million in constructing facilities. They are looking forward to tourist crowds of up to 300,000, plus, more important, world television audiences in the hundreds of millions. To deprive them of this might have more impact than any move the U.S. has yet made, including the grain embargo.

Even if Carter decides to order a U.S. boycott, he lacks the authority to enforce it. According to Olympic rules, only a country's Olympic committee may withdraw its athletes, and the U.S.O.C. is strongly opposed to any boycott. Whether it would refuse a formal presidential request is hard to say.

Rather than pushing for a boycott, many in the Administration prefer Mondale's suggestion about relocating the Games. The only two likely alternatives: Munich and Montreal, sites of the 1972 and 1976 Olympics. Such a move could be authorized only by the International Olympic Committee, which is reported dead set against moving the Games at such a late date. But the matter may well come up when it meets at Lake Placid, N.Y., during the Winter Olympics. The U.S. has made no move to keep Soviet athletes from competing at Lake Placid.

The Administration is in no hurry to decide about the Moscow Games. The White House is taking soundings on the idea, and is holding "tentative" discussions with the U.S.O.C. Meanwhile, other countries are assessing the same option. Saudi Arabia has announced it will boycott the Games, The Netherlands has said it is withdrawing financial support for its team and Prime Minister Joe Clark of Canada has "questioned the appropriateness" of a Moscow Olympics.

would take four months to ship the grain that the U.S.S.R. is still entitled to receive. But then the International Longshoremen's Association refused to handle Soviet shipments at all. I.L.A. President Thomas Gleason vowed that the union boycott would last "as long as the Soviets insist on being international bullyboys." The black-hulled *Droman*, loaded with 33,000 tons of wheat, was the last Soviet-bound ship to leave Houston loaded.

Exporters and farmers are also concerned about the future. For the time being, the Soviets cannot go elsewhere for large shipments of corn and wheat because nearly all of the world's large grain exporters have promised not to undercut the U.S. embargo. But some major grain producing nations could eventually change their minds and start filling the gap. Says Economist Sung Won Son: "Some countries will get the message through to the Soviets that they, not the U.S., are reliable suppliers. Then the U.S. will get only residual sales." American farmers still are paying the penalty for the Nixon Administration's embargo of soybean exports to avoid a livestock-feed shortage in 1973. Backed by Japanese and West German investors, the Brazilians plunged into soybeans for the first time and now have about 25% of the world soybean market. Said Morton Sosland, publisher of the *Milling and Baking News* in Kansas City, of the grain embargo: "America has just shot itself in the foot."

Nor did most food supply experts believe lower grain costs resulting from the embargo would have much effect on retail food prices. Fully 87% of the price increases in food since 1973 have reflected the rising costs of transportation and processing. Farmers receive only about 30% of the money spent in food stores. Thus, according to farm economists, a 10% cut in the price per bushel of corn would lead to retail price reductions of only a penny per pound for pork and four-tenths of a penny for poultry.

Apart from its effects in the Midwest, will the embargo actually hurt the Soviets? Not in the short run. And not even in his moments of greatest optimism has Carter thought that it will remove a single Soviet soldier from Afghanistan.

Economic sanctions have rarely been successful. There are too many middlemen for supplies to be effectively shut off —they can simply be routed through friendly countries. There is no global shortage of grain for those who can afford to buy. The Soviets do not really need wheat. They already produce more than they consume; they contracted to buy U.S. wheat only because it is a cheaper way of supplying some western and northern Soviet cities than transporting grain from central Asia. Of far more importance to the Soviet economy is U.S. corn, all of which is fed to livestock. Of the embargoed grain for which the Soviets had signed contracts, 65% was corn. CIA studies show that without U.S. corn, the Kremlin's schedules for increasing meat output would be set back by a decade.

Cattle being fattened for market on a collective farm in Siberia

The supply of meat symbolizes the success or failure of the system.

Reports TIME Correspondent Bruce Nelan from Moscow:

"During the last three months of 1979, the Soviet Union imported 9 million tons of feed grains, enough to keep the embargo from being felt for three months. Soon, however, agricultural officials will begin making plans for a preliminary cutback of their flocks and herds —first poultry, which can be replaced quickly in better times, and then pigs, which also can be brought back fairly fast. This will result in more chicken and pork in the stores, but because the country lacks enough freezers, the supply will run out in a few months. Western experts believe the Soviets will try not to reduce their cattle herds by much because they are hard to rebuild and beef is the meat that every Soviet citizen wants most. The winter has been mild so far, and there is a good chance that by May the grass will be up and cattle can be sent out to graze.

"The eventual result will be a meat shortage, but there is always one in the U.S.S.R. Soviet per capita meat consumption is about 121 lbs. annually. While meat and fish account for about 20% of the average American diet, they provide only 8% of the Soviet diet. Demand in the U.S.S.R. is intense, but the current Five-Year-Plan calls for increasing it only 27% by 1985. That target probably could not be reached even without the embargo. But no one will go hungry because of the embargo. Russians are breadeaters, and there is no concern on that score."

Carter's ban on sales of high technology and strategic items also faces an uncertain prospect. For the most part, Moscow has avoided buying significant amounts of sophisticated American equipment precisely because it looks on the U.S. as an unreliable supplier—one result of Carter's cancellations of sales of some advanced computers to the Soviet Union in 1978 and 1979. Less sophisticated equipment can easily be bought in Western Europe. There are a few categories, like oil-drilling equipment, for which the Soviets badly want U.S. products. If no substitutes can be found, Moscow will probably try to circumvent the embargo by buying American machinery through a satellite or a smaller country. As one expert remarked last week, "If all the computers shipped to Vienna were really there, the city would sink."

Still, the results of the U.S. embargo are not by any means negligible. Though Soviet citizens are accustomed to deprivation, more meat is one of their basic demands, and one of the major promises that their leaders have made to them. It symbolizes, in a way, the success or failure of the system. A slight decline in Moscow's ability to feed its people will not be a cataclysm, but it will be felt by Soviet citizens.

Economic warfare may be an uncertain weapon, its consequences hard to measure in economic terms, but it is ultimately a form of political warfare and must be assessed in that connection too. Carter's judgment was that a Soviet invasion of a neighbor could not go unanswered, lest the Soviet army soon be standing guard over the oilfields of the Persian Gulf. Any reaction that conveyed the U.S. outrage in practical terms was better than mere hand-wringing. Nor are the reprisals necessarily over. A boycott of the Olympic Games remains a definite threat, and there are other means of inciting the world's anger. Indeed, by taking action, even at a considerable cost to its own citizenry, the U.S. becomes a rallying point for other nations that look to it for guidance and inspiration. In that, it carries out, in the most fundamental way, the demands and obligations of world leadership. ■

The Plains of Plenty

Everything planted in the ground by man would grow as if by magic, filling out with an amazing fruitfulness, as the long warm days passed in endless array.
—O.E. Rolvaag, *Giants in the Earth*

Just as good earth and climate around Epernay, France, provide nature's ideal spot for nurturing champagne grapes, the Midwest's long growing season, heavy spring or summer rains and rich, two-foot-deep topsoil are perfect for grain cultivation. Kansas and Oklahoma are wheat country. Just north in the hardy soil of Illinois and Iowa lie the great corn belt and vast fields of soybeans. Farther north, in the Dakotas and Minnesota, grow wheat, soybeans, sugar beets. Here is the richest farm land east of Eden, where the biblical seven years of bountiful harvests are usually followed not by famine but by seven more years of plenty.

In addition, the modern farmer has helped nature tremendously and created one of the most advanced and productive sectors of the American economy. Mechanization has vastly expanded his reach. As late as 1955 there were more horses and mules than tractors in American farmyards. Now there are 4.4 million tractors on 2.7 million farms. A U.S. farmer today can seed 300 acres of wheat a day, *vs.* 85 acres in 1950. Meanwhile, land grant state universities, which were started under a program of President Lincoln's, have researched and spread technological breakthroughs. Out of the agricultural experiment stations in the early 1930s came means of cross-pollinating two types of purebred corn. The resulting hybrid was particularly hardy and produced 50% higher yields. Later the Green Revolution, for which U.S. Scientist Norman E. Borlaug won the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize, produced more bountiful strains of wheat with strong stalks to bear the weight of larger yields. U.S. wheat output likewise increased 50%.

Pesticides and herbicides were produced by researchers in companies, universities and the Government to conquer the plagues of locusts and other insects that regularly beset grain crops. Bug- and disease-resistant seeds were developed. As a result, U.S. corn country has not suffered a severe blight since 1970. During the past decade petrochemical fertilizers again increased harvests.

These innovations created spectacular crops. Since 1940 the American wheat yield per acre has more than doubled, from 15.3 bu. to 34.2 bu., and the corn output has almost quadrupled, from 28.4 bu. to 109.2 bu. Soybeans, which grow lavishly in the same weather and soil conditions as corn, expanded spectacularly. Production increased from 555 million bu. in 1960 to 2.2 billion bu. last year. While a Soviet farmer grows 45 bu. of corn an acre, his American counterpart produces 109 bu.

The abundant American harvests arrived just in time to satisfy a meat-hungry world. More affluent and more demanding consumers around the globe wanted beef, pork and poultry rather than simply bread and cereals. As a result, the vast majority of American agricultural production is for animal rather than human consumption. Ninety percent of the corn crop is fed to livestock, while soybeans are the largest single source of protein for animals.

Relaxed East-West relations also opened major new export markets. In the 1960s American farm products were sold mainly to Britain and The Netherlands or given away to India, Egypt and other developing nations as foreign aid. Through the '50s, and well into the '60s, the U.S. simply did not know what to do with its surplus grain and stored it at a cost of billions. But in the past decade the surplus production began being exported to the Soviet Union, China and newly rich Japan. Americans take justified pride in high technology exports like computers or jet planes, but the largest U.S. sales abroad by far are agricultural products; they account for just over one-fifth of all U.S. exports.

As American agriculture has become more productive, it has become both larger in scale and more expensive. In 1950 there were 5.6 million American farms, averaging 214 acres. By 1978 the number of farms had fallen by one-half, but the size had almost doubled to 400 acres. Small farmers earning less than $20,000 annually are still 70% of the total, but the remaining 30% take in 90% of all cash receipts from agriculture. Grain farms in Cass County, N. Dak., one of the largest counties in the state, average 1,000 acres, and good wheatland costs $1,500 an acre. Thus the typical Cass County farmer is running a business worth $1.5 million just for property. Then comes equipment. A tractor that sold for $16,000 in 1974 now costs at least twice as much, and farmers already talk glumly about the advent of $100,000 combines.

Modern farm-belt agriculture, however, has brought with it a new manifestation of an age-old problem —soil erosion. Inadequate conservation measures combined with very heavy planting have led to excessive runoffs of soil into rivers and streams. In such Plains states as Nebraska and Kansas, where often only scattered trees break the wind, some farmers watch helplessly as their most valuable asset blows away. The Agriculture Department considers the loss of five tons of soil an acre annually to be excessive; below that, the land can renew itself fairly well. Yet Illinois farms are eroding at an average of 6.72 tons, and losses are also high in parts of Iowa, Tennessee and Missouri. Farmers, often with federal prodding and financial help, have begun to adopt better conservation techniques.

Despite the mechanization and scientific revolutions, the modern giants of the earth still fear the whims and challenges of nature. Last week, while farmers outside Fargo, N. Dak., fed their livestock and waited to plant their spring wheat, temperatures fell to 18° below zero, and the steady icy winds were a bone-numbing 15 m.p.h. Cracked U.S. Congressman Mark Andrews, who is a North Dakota farmer: "Up here we say that 40 below zero keeps the riffraff out."

BOUNTIFUL BINS

Figures in millions of metric tons for each crop year

CORN	WORLD PRODUCTION	U.S. PRODUCTION	U.S. EXPORTS
1970-71	260	106	13
1979-80 (estimated)	406	193	55

WHEAT	WORLD PRODUCTION	U.S. PRODUCTION	U.S. EXPORTS
1970-71	316	37	20
1979-80 (estimated)	403	58	36

SOY-BEANS	WORLD PRODUCTION	U.S. PRODUCTION	U.S. EXPORTS
1970-71	43	31	12
1979-80 (estimated)	95	61	22

TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

Back to Maps and Raw Power

The Kremlin teaches Carter a lesson in geopolitics

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan may have profoundly altered the way Jimmy Carter looks at the world, and therefore the way he shapes U.S. foreign policy. TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott examines the consequences:*

When a grim-faced President went on television Jan. 4 to denounce the Soviet army's blitz against Afghanistan, he used what for him was an unfamiliar prop. As Carter talked about "the strategic importance" of the attack, a color-coded map of the embattled region flashed on the screen. It illustrated his warning that the Soviet jackboot was now firmly planted on "a stepping stone to possible control over much of the world's oil supplies."

Presidents have used maps on TV before. John Kennedy and Richard Nixon pointed to the political borders and battlefronts of Indochina as they briefed the nation on their policies toward Laos and Cambodia, respectively. But Kennedy and Nixon were used to thinking and talking geopolitically. Their careers took shape in the 1950s, when the entire globe was starkly and simplistically color-coded to differentiate the free world from the Communist bloc, and when America's unquestioned obligation was to keep the Red stain from spreading on the map.

Carter, by contrast, refined his world view in the late '60s and early '70s, when geopolitics was in some disrepute, largely because charts of Southeast Asia and slogans about the free world had helped bring the U.S. to grief in the Viet Nam War. Carter came to the presidency thinking not about the power of armies and political systems, but about the power of moral principles. The strength of the U.S., he said in his Inaugural Address, was "based not merely on the size of an arsenal but on the nobility of ideas." He declared war on "poverty, ignorance and injustice, for those are the enemies against which our forces can be honorably marshaled." In his Notre Dame speech of May 1977, Carter promised a "new" American foreign policy "based on constant decency in its values and on optimism in our historical vision." Even when he addressed the threat of Soviet expansionism, it was in terms that sounded more Quaker than Baptist: "We hope to persuade the Soviet Union that one country cannot impose its system of society on another." Neither in his mind's eye nor on his podium was there a map of the world.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The President at breakfast briefing on American foreign policy

A test by the forces of amorality backed by armor and firepower.

Carter's deliberate playing down of the power relationships of traditional geopolitics was more than just rhetorical. He came into office determined to normalize relations with Hanoi and Havana, despite their close ties to Moscow. He unveiled an agenda of new objectives that were ambitious and admirable, although they often proved elusive and sometimes mutually contradictory. These goals cut across not only national and regional boundaries but across the ideological Great Divide as well. Among them: the crusade for human rights, the promotion of better understanding between developing and industrialized nations, and curbs on the proliferation of nuclear technology and conventional arms sales.

Carter was also eager to de-emphasize the Soviet-American relationship, which he felt had preoccupied postwar American diplomacy. His advisers encouraged him. Cyrus Vance is, by nature and by his legal training, a problem solver and a conciliator, a troubleshooter rather than a theoretician. His approach to huge, complex challenges has been to divide and conquer them one by one. He is uncomfortable with, and not very adept at, historical generalizations or global grand designs. Zbigniew Brzezinski, on the other hand, is a well-established, if somewhat controversial, geostrategist. He began talking of an "arc of crisis" around the Indian Ocean more than a year ago. He is also an anti-Soviet hard-liner of long standing. But Brzezinski too wanted the Carter Administration to distinguish itself from its predecessors by being "less hung up," as he once put it, on the Soviet challenge. He sought a "differentiated" foreign policy freed from the we/they, East/West bipolarity that underlay Henry Kissinger's *Realpolitik* no less than Dean Acheson's containment and John Foster Dulles' brinkmanship.

The trouble was, de-emphasizing the Soviet-American relationship necessarily meant defusing the Soviet-American rivalry, and just the opposite has happened. The Soviets were angry over the human rights policy, rapid Sino-American rapprochement, the hawkish tone of the Senate SALT debate, the go-ahead for the MX missile, and the decision to deploy new weapons in Europe. Partly because of that anger and partly because of the imperatives of their own national security, the Kremlin rebuffed U.S. attempts at "persuasion." It was as though the old men in the Politburo had decided to teach Carter a lesson in what happens when moralism is pitted against amorality backed up by armor and firepower. Carter was surprised not so much by the invasion of Afghanistan (the National Security Council's Special Coordination Committee, chaired by Brzezinski, had all but predicted the invasion a week in advance); rather, Carter was shocked by the Soviets' duplicity and cynicism in killing their own erstwhile protégé, Hafizullah Amin, branding him a CIA agent, and then claiming that Amin's government had "invited" the invasion.

The Carter Administration will almost certainly continue to pursue human rights, nuclear nonproliferation and curbs on arms sales. But it will now do so, Brzezinski told TIME, "with a more sober realization—which might be salutary—that the Soviets won't be benign partners." Carter's concern with what he has proudly called "global issues" has already been thoroughly institutionalized.

There is a variety of interagency committees in the Executive Branch, backed up by special laws and watchdog Congressmen, to make sure that foreign aid requests are vetted with an eye to whether the recipient country tortures political

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prisoners or is embarked on its own Manhattan Project.

But those criteria will be given less priority now, at least in countries directly threatened by the Soviet Union or indirectly by its proxies. As it moves to shore up relations with nations around the arc of crisis, from radical Libya to reactionary Saudi Arabia, the Carter Administration is being less fastidious about the humanitarian virtues of the various regimes than it would have been before the Afghan crisis. A month ago, for example, Pakistan was a triple target for American pressure: the U.S. was working to thwart the country's nuclear aspirations, goading the military government to restore democracy, and withholding military supplies. Now U.S. policymakers look at Pakistan as a vital and vulnerable piece on the strategic chessboard, and they are muting their civics lectures and reversing their arms-sale policy accordingly.

Pakistan is also an example of the danger that the pendulum could swing too far in the other direction. The U.S. could throw itself foursquare behind the military rule of President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq just before Zia came tumbling down—another client-dictator the U.S. would then have "lost."

Carter seems aware of that danger and determined to avoid it. "He's always been stubborn in his convictions," says a close adviser, "and in the past few weeks he's acquired a new one, that the Russians will use raw power anywhere they think they can get away with it. But he's still got his old convictions, too, and he's not going to abandon them."

The President now faces two tasks: first, he must figure out how to convince the Soviets—presumably not by friendly persuasion but not by going to war either—that they can't get away with invasions. And second, he must reconcile his conversion to a belief in the pre-eminence of geopolitics with his old, still strongly held belief in the importance of global issues and abstract principles. But already his Administration has had to revise, if not reverse, its course in a number of key respects. As a consequence of the increase in East-West tensions, the world is farther than ever from the objective of disarmament that Carter proclaimed in his Inaugural Address. With Harold Brown's statements in China last week about Sino-American common interests in countering Soviet expansionism, the Administration abandoned the last pretense of the "evenhandedness" it promised in its policies toward Moscow and Peking. Far from playing down the Soviet-American relationship, Carter and his advisers today are more preoccupied with the problem of how to deal with the Russians than any American leaders since the Cuban missile crisis. And Carter may, for some time to come, use maps when he addresses his countrymen on the world. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

On the Frosted Campaign Trail

Out in Iowa, Ted Kennedy is not so bad a performer as his Eastern drama critics make out. He has his bad days and hours, his dismal speeches, his tangled syntax. But traveling along the frosted campaign trail in those wide spaces, one can pick up echoes of some of the old magic from John and Bob.

Ted is a presence. When he arrived outside the Perry city hall one morning last week, the small shock wave of anticipation that precedes an energetic personality reached the corners of the stuffy meeting before the candidate did. Young women shifted, craned, raised themselves to tiptoe. Wisecracking high school students shut up. Then a little of the Kennedy legend walked through the door.

There was impact. He looked presidential in his dark blue suit, so much in contrast with the work-clothed audience. He was polite, deferential, but very much in charge. Things are out of control at home and abroad, he fairly shouted, pumping the air in that familiar Kennedy gesture, fingers folded, thumb on top. Brow furrowed, age and care showing deeply in the youngest Kennedy face, he went quickly to questions. "Yes, you . . . in the red shirt," he half commanded. The smile had sparkle, but there was the hint of Irish toughness behind it.

In Boone a midmorning slump had hit him and some of his power waned. He gave rambling answers to questions about the Soviets and about abortion. But his adrenaline was pumping again among Iowa State University students in Ames. His speech was good, though undistinguished; a firm call for a restoration of America's control over its own destiny. There was an impatience about Ted Kennedy, as if he were rushing away from the past into a dangerous but strangely exhilarating future. Something calling him.

Kennedy campaigning in Iowa last week

It is clear he does not have the depth and breadth of intellect of John. Ted's answers do not have the rich mix of history, fact and humor that J.F.K.'s years of reading produced. Nor does Ted possess the genuine interest in his surroundings that Bob carried everywhere. Ted is vaguely indifferent to Iowa, a state that takes learning to love. Yet, all things considered, Kennedy is up to the family tradition in political performance. He could have held his own in 1960 or 1968.

Therein may be his real problem. Kennedy is not up against Wayne Morse or Gene McCarthy or, for that matter, Richard Nixon. Nor is he performing in an experimental and not quite matured communications environment. Indeed, television may be one reason why America tends to disparage all the men running for President. They are very good in this bizarre world of show-business politics—and there are a lot of them. But they also have become electronically (meaning superficially) well known to their audiences. In such a crowded and intense drama, nobody really stands strikingly above the others.

The murmured comments in the rooms before and after Kennedy appeared revealed that the Republican debate of the previous Saturday had a remarkable impact on the audience. It seemed that every person had watched it. Some of those Iowans liked Philip Crane's fast, hard answer against the grain embargo better than Ted Kennedy's hesitant objection. Moreover, the Crane jaw was just as finely formed and the hair was equally abundant. John Anderson's eloquent appeal for compassionate government had more fact and fervor than did Teddy's. Anderson's endorsement of the grain embargo, while not liked by those folks, nevertheless set him up as a more creditable figure than Kennedy.

While Teddy may not have realized it, he was battling far more than Carter. He was contending against an entire wide screen filled with articulate and forceful Republicans, television's insistent commentators and an audience that considered itself part of the action, not mere spectators. A lot of those farmers came to the rallies with their FM radios tuned to hear Chicago commodity markets and news about Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev. For Ted Kennedy, winning attention, let alone devotion, is a job bigger than that faced by his brothers.

And Now It Begins—Sort Of

Iowa is the first revealing, if confusing, test of the campaign

"I've never seen so many politicians in my life," said the bewildered newsstand lady in downtown Des Moines. Understandably, she could not begin to keep straight all the presidential candidates who were hurrying past. Her sentiments were shared by other Iowans, whose votes have never been so energetically courted in the history of their state. To win or make a good showing in the Jan. 21 party caucuses—the first real test of the long presidential campaign—all the candidates of both parties are crisscrossing the frozen state, landing their small aircraft in near-blinding snowstorms, navigating icy roads fit only for hockey practice. They wolf down chilling chicken, cold "hot barbecue," undunkable doughnuts and crumbling cookies at countless gatherings in tiny towns and villages. They tout their talents at press conferences, talk shows, town meetings, union halls, Rotary Clubs and American Legion posts. Their faces beam forth from television and newspaper ads. Former Republican National Chairman Mary Louise Smith sums up the grim reality: "Iowa has become the new New Hampshire."

Jimmy Carter can be thanked —if that is the word—for Iowa's prominence. Nobody paid much attention to the state's early and unusual caucus system until Jimmy Who? decided to blitz the state in 1976 and thus get a jump on his opponents. The press, awakened to this event perhaps by Carter himself, proclaimed the Georgian's Iowa results a surprising victory, and a bandwagon started rolling. Actually, Carter did not win the Iowa caucuses four years ago at all: "Uncommitted" did. Carter got 29.1% of the delegates, Senator Birch Bayh 11.4%, former Senator Fred Harris 9%, Congressman Morris Udall 5.8%, and the remaining vote was scattered among also-rans. No matter. By the time of the National Convention in July, Carter uncommitteds had sorted themselves out and he had 25 of the state's 47 delegates.

This year's presidential hopefuls would like to pull a Carter in Iowa or, failing that, do well enough so that their campaigns are not derailed. Victory is as much a matter of perception as it is of votes. The television networks and the press will provide national coverage and instant analysis. In the maneuvering preceding the caucuses, all the candidates are playing down their chances, an obvious ploy designed to make whatever vote they get look as good as possible. Sums up G.O.P. Candidate George Bush, one of the top players: "The action begins in Iowa. It's where everything starts for everybody."

The system is probably the closest to the grass roots that the mind of man could devise. The 2,531 precinct caucuses that will be held in private homes, public halls, churches, fire stations and schoolrooms throughout the state are only the first step in a four-stage sequence that eventually selects Iowa's delegates to the Republican and Democratic national conventions. Independents can participate in either party's caucus.

DIANA H. WALKER

Rosalynn Carter seeking votes for Jimmy in Des Moines

Charmingly informal and frustratingly inconclusive.

The actual process is charmingly informal and can be frustratingly inconclusive. Voters at the Democratic caucuses indicate their choices by gathering in different parts of the room, including an area for "uncommitted." Any candidate who has 15% or more of the vote in the room is entitled to at least one delegate to the county convention, the next step in the sequence. Backers of a candidate who gets less than 15% are asked to transfer their support to another candidate or "uncommitted." As for the Republicans, they will take a straw poll at the caucuses as part of their process for selecting delegates for the next round. What is more, the delegates in sturdily independent Iowa can change their allegiances right up to the time that the final deciding vote is cast at the National Convention.

The secret to success in this complicated political game is organization. A voter has to be highly motivated to leave his home, brave the inevitable snowstorm and then spend hours wrangling with his neighbors. While nearly 30% of a party's registered voters turn out for primaries in other states, only 10% are expected to show up for the Iowa caucuses, about 50,000 Democrats and 45,000 Republicans. Says Ralph Brown, former executive director of the Iowa Republican Central Committee: "Going to the polls doesn't take much of a commitment. Going to a caucus does."

The Democrats will decide between Carter and Ted Kennedy. In August a poll showed that they favored Kennedy over Carter 49% to 26%. But a survey taken in early January indicated that 57% would vote for Carter, 24% for Kennedy. Still, the outcome could depend in large part on events abroad. Any improvement in the status of the hostages in Iran, for example, would obviously help the President; a continued stalemate might hurt. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan automatically improved Carter's standing; in a crisis, Americans tend to rally to a President. Carter's decision to impose a grain embargo, on the other hand, cost him some of the support he had gained.

Though Carter is unwilling to leave the White House to barnstorm the state 1976-style, he is much better organized in Iowa than he was four years ago. His campaign has about 30 full-time paid operators and some degree of organization in each of the 99 counties. His Des Moines headquarters, which was a mere storefront in 1976, now occupies an entire floor of the same building. A phone bank is constantly buzzing with calls to supporters.

Carter has spent almost an hour every day for the past month phoning backers in Iowa, and invitations to White House functions have been pouring into the state. Says Floyd Gillotti, deputy auditor of Polk County, who wears a gold tie clip with the presidential seal and Carter's signature: "Who would have thought a son of an immigrant born on the southwest side of Des Moines would pick up the phone and have the White House calling?" Says Steven Schier, a political scientist who has written about the Iowa caucuses: "There's a lot of residual loyalty to Carter because Iowans are proud of the fact that they made him in 1976."

To fill in for the absent President, Vice President Walter Mondale, Rosalynn and Chip Carter, Muriel Humphrey and a variety of Cabinet officials have been visiting the state. Last week Rosalynn gave a series of speeches to try to offset the presumed unfavorable reaction to the grain embargo among Iowa's farmers. Dressed in knee-high boots to blunt the biting wind, Rosalynn would begin: "Jimmy

Ronald and Nancy Reagan greeting well-wishers during campaign swing through Davenport

sends his love and wishes he could be in Iowa." As for the grain embargo, she assured her audiences: "Jimmy is going to make absolutely sure the farmers aren't going to suffer. We want the Russians to suffer."

The turnouts for Rosalynn were middling and the reaction to the grain embargo at her meetings was mixed. Said Ron Pfiefer, a social worker in Council Bluffs: "It's more important that he's seen doing something than nothing." Randy Anson, a contractor, disagreed: "It's bound to hurt him. You take someone's bread away and he screams like a chicken with his wing torn off."

Making his fifth foray into Iowa last week, Ted Kennedy was trying to regain his credibility as a candidate after his early fumbles. Hopping around the state with his cavalcade of little planes capable of landing on short strips, he seemed more poised than in some of his earlier poor showings. And he drew crowds. In his speeches, Kennedy accused Carter of losing control at home and abroad: "People are wondering why we lurch from crisis to crisis. People are wondering why we are seeing our embassies burned, hostages being taken, Cuban troops in Africa, Soviet troops in Cuba, Soviet troops in Afghanistan." But the attack on Carter was somewhat out of character for Kennedy, since he has been one of the Senate's most outspoken doves on foreign and defense policies. While campaigning in Iowa, Mondale charged that Kennedy was motivated by the "politics of the moment," while the President had to decide "whether to do the political thing or the thing that best serves this nation. Carter put the country first."

George Bush emphasizing point in Clinton

Reassurance from a patrician.

Like the President, Kennedy is making full use of his family; 23 members of the clan have visited the state. Joan, who accompanied Ted for the first time on his campaign swing last week, was looking healthier and more relaxed than in previous months. The campaign rests to a large extent on the early draft-Kennedy movements that were started mainly by union members. Iowa's biggest union, the United Auto Workers, is supporting the Senator, though it backed Carter in 1976. Explains Sheet Metal Worker Stan Kolbe: "Carter has let us down." Still, the Kennedy forces feel they are out-organized by Carter. "It is a race against the clock," says Bob Miller, a top Kennedy aide in the state. "We are doing six months' work in two."

REININGER—CONTACT

John and Nellie Connally at reception

California Governor Jerry Brown trails far behind the front runners. He was badly hurt when the Des Moines debate with Carter and Kennedy was canceled because the President felt he could not get that visibly involved in domestic politics. Appearing in the same forum with his opponents would have given Brown exposure in a state where he is little known. But last week he flew through a snowstorm in his vintage 1942 DC-3 for a reception in Des Moines. It was a typical Brown crowd of the beautiful and the bizarre. "I don't know where some of these people come from," said one woman.

Dressed in a meticulously tailored three-piece suit with a muffler tossed around his neck as though he were a Princeton undergraduate, Brown presented himself as an alternative to discontented voters. He said that if people do not want to vote for him, they should at least stay uncommitted. Though he has little organization in Iowa, he is supported by some political zealots, and they tend to go to caucuses. Local politicians estimate that Brown might pick up from 5% to 10% of the vote.

Among Republicans, Ronald Reagan is still the front runner, and he looked presidential indeed as he swept into a rally last week in Davenport. The high school band even struck up *Hail to the Chief*. Yet an ironic commentary was unintentionally offered by a banner stretching across the balcony. It read: WELCOME, DUTCH [Reagan's nickname when he was a sportscaster in Iowa] THERE'S NO DEBATE, REAGAN IS NUMBER ONE.

But there *was* a debate, and Reagan failed to show while the other six G.O.P. candidates put on an impressive performance. "Republicans were tickled to death with the debate," says Howard Baker, one of the participants. "It made the party as a whole look good." Reagan was all the more conspicuous by his absence. That absence, proclaimed the Quad City *Times*, was "a cowardly attempt to maintain a lead in the polls."

If that was Reagan's strategy, it had clearly backfired—at least for the moment. In December a poll by the Des Moines *Register-Tribune* showed Reagan the choice of 50% of the G.O.P. voters. George Bush was favored by 14%, John Connally by 12% and Howard Baker by 11%. Last week's survey indicated that Reagan's support had been cut to 26%. Some 58% said they felt that his absence from the session had hurt him. Bush rose to 17%, Baker to 18%, and Connally got 10%.

During and after the debate, Reagan

Howard Baker hugging supporter at debate

Several thousand handshakes behind.

was derided by Connally, who cracked: "I guess I don't know much about Reagan's positions because you can't get much on the three-by-five cards that he has used for decades to make speech notes." Reagan shot back later: "[Connally] must have been living under a rock." Reagan, 68, brushed aside questions about his age. One retort: "I'm really not that old. They mixed up the babies at the hospital."

Bush has spent so much time in Iowa that some people think he lives there. He has logged a total of 27 days in the state, compared with Carter's 17 in the 1976 campaign. Bush has the best organization of the Republicans: 18 full-time and 80 part-time workers have pinpointed the Republican voters likely to attend the caucuses and have given them kits instructing them where to go and how to vote. Bush also has more endorsements than any of his rivals, and there are indications that he has strength in the state's more populated areas.

Combining an ease of manner with a touch of the patrician Yankee and an impressive intellectual grasp, Bush does not excite his audiences; he reassures them. Emphasizing his considerable foreign affairs experience (CIA director, Ambassador to the U.N. and China), he criticizes Carter for overemphasizing human rights and calls instead for a policy based on strategic interests. Says he: "I sense that people are frustrated about foreign affairs. It is not a frantic cry but more of a muted feeling about how to restore respect for the U.S." He admits that the caucuses will be a "first test of whether organization can overcome lack of name identification. I have to do well in Iowa to get forward momentum to go into New Hampshire and then down South."

Baker and Connally also have been following a catch-up strategy. Lacking the organization of the top two, they are conducting a lavish media blitz aimed at bringing out as big a caucus vote as possible. "The more people who turn out, the more it helps me," says Baker. But that is a strategy better calculated to work in a primary than in a caucus. Connally and Baker are both also trying to shake as many hands as possible, but they are several thousand behind Bush. As Dick Redman, Baker's Iowa campaign chairman, puts it: "In Iowa, folks who haven't spent 15 minutes with a candidate feel jilted."

Back in the pack, Robert Dole, Phil Crane and John Anderson may draw more votes than expected because of their performances in the debate. Anderson stood out by forthrightly telling people things they do not want to hear: the grain embargo was justified, gas should be taxed 50¢ a gal. Yet Anderson has hardly bothered to campaign in Iowa. "The caucuses don't mean anything," he says. "It is New Hampshire that counts." And that is where he spent last week. But all the other presidential hopefuls would not trade snowbound Iowa for a South Seas paradise until the votes are counted on Jan. 21. ■

Going Far by Going Slow

Sears has persuaded Reagan to emulate the tortoise

The man who advised Ronald Reagan to ignore the Republican debate in Iowa and who is masterminding Reagan's surprisingly low-key and slow-starting presidential campaign remains supremely confident that the strategy is sound. John Sears, 39, Reagan's campaign boss in 1980, as in 1976, still feels that if Reagan had debated in Iowa he would have made himself just one of the pack. Says Sears: "Being the front runner can give you control. The race cannot really start before he begins to compete. Without him, it's just practice."

Even as Reagan hopscotched across the country last week, speaking in South Carolina, Florida, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Illinois, as well as Iowa, the suave Sears described his candidate's campaign as still being only in second gear —and right where it should be. Tracing designs in the air with long, delicate fingers and a Viceroy cigarette, Sears told TIME Senior Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett: "Political campaigning is a collection of enthusiasms, instincts, energy and emotion. You don't want to get your people spent too early if you don't have to." Witness, says Sears, Ted Kennedy.

Sears directing strategy

"Strongest will and strongest mind."

In 1976 Sears gambled and lived to regret it. He persuaded Reagan to announce before the G.O.P. convention that his choice as his vice-presidential running mate would be Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker, whose liberal image on some issues cost the Californian support in his close but losing fight with Gerald Ford. This time Sears has resolved to be much more cautious. Says he: "Each campaign is an original. The game goes to the one who recognizes the changes and knows how to act on them."

No one doubts Sears' ability to understand shifting political realities. "Sears is the best strategist in the business," declares David Keene, who is managing the national campaign of George Bush, Reagan's rival with the finest organization in Iowa. "But this is his last shot. He has something to prove."

If Reagan fails to win the nomination, Sears will get much of the blame. More than the manager of any other presidential candidate, he totally controls his man's campaign apparatus. Says Reagan Press Secretary Jim Lake: "He has the strongest will and the strongest mind. He's the board chairman among the staff."

Sears' dominance of the staff was shown when he maneuvered two of Reagan's longtime aides out of the campaign. As finance director, Lyn Nofziger had argued with Sears' decision to start the campaign slowly and to replace some Reagan loyalists from 1976 with more moderate organizers. When fund raising lagged and Nofziger became more combative, Sears forced him to quit. Aide Mike Deaver then took charge of money raising, but Sears resented Deaver's independence. To spare Reagan the pain of choosing between the two, Deaver resigned.

Stories of Sears' control of his campaign have irked Reagan, who fears that voters will think that he is being molded by his manager. Reagan told TIME's Barrett: "There's all this talk that he is 'moderating' me. I'm the candidate and I decide what I think the issues are and what my position is."

Indeed, Reagan has not reversed his stand on any significant issue since 1976, nor has Sears urged him to. "He would lose credibility if he did that," says Sears. But he has successfully encouraged Reagan to tone down his rhetoric and to ease his image of being too reactionary.

Actually, Sears cares less for issues than he does for the challenge of the contest. He is a political technician who could, and did, consider working for other Republican candidates this year, including Howard Baker. As late as the summer of 1978, Reagan was promising party hard-liners still bristling over the selection of Schweiker that Sears would not be given similar control over his 1980 campaign.

That promise ended in late 1978 when

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Reagan not only enlisted Sears but also accepted three of Sears' preconditions on strategy: 1) Reagan must appeal to all segments of the party; 2) Reagan, rather than his opponents, would dictate the timing and pace of the campaign; 3) the primary race would be run with the general election always in mind.

After getting degrees from Notre Dame and Georgetown University Law Center, the New York–born Sears joined Richard Nixon's Manhattan law firm in 1965. He soon impressed Nixon with his political instincts and was enlisted in the campaign. After Nixon won the presidency, Sears fell out of favor with the White House staff because he retained close ties with people outside Nixon's inner circle —and was even wiretapped as a suspected source of press leaks. He now feels some regret over his role in helping Nixon win. During the 1976 campaign, Sears' tendency to drink too much grew worse. A Roman Catholic who will readily interrupt a poker game to attend evening Mass, he has since become a teetotaler.

In a profession of the glad-hander, Sears—a man with prominent, intense blue eyes and the softening physique of a person seldom exposed to sun, wind or exercise—at times muses introspectively about his profession. Says he: "You never really win anything in politics. All you get is a chance to play for higher stakes and perform at a higher level. Even if you get elected, you've won larger responsibilities to be carried out in a more fearsome world." ■

Unseen Hand

A plane flies itself into the Atlantic Ocean

Accidents in private aircraft, which last year killed 1,215 people, occur in a variety of ways, but none more bizarre than the one that happened last week when Pilot Lou Benscotter picked up Robert ("Bo") Rein, the new football coach at Louisiana State University, and began to fly from Shreveport to Baton Rouge.

Heading into storms, Benscotter apparently put the twin-engine Cessna 441 into a climb to get over the weather. Later, radar detected the plane flying an erratic course, and the Air Force scrambled jets to investigate. Captain Daniel Zoerb spotted the Cessna off Norfolk, Va., now more than 1,000 miles from Shreveport. It was flying at 41,000 ft., 5,000 ft. above the maximum altitude for which it is certified, and presumably on automatic pilot. Zoerb tried to make contact with the Cessna by radio, but got no answer. He saw the plane go into a steep dive and crash into the Atlantic Ocean. Aviation officials theorize that Rein and Benscotter had passed out from lack of oxygen and that the Cessna had flown itself hundreds of miles before disappearing into the sea. ■

Demonstrators protest police brutality outside the courthouse in Dade County, Florida

"Crazy" Cops

Four Miami police are charged with manslaughter

At first the police reports aroused little suspicion. At 1:59 on the morning of Dec. 17, a black male was said to have crashed his Kawasaki motorcycle in Miami while dodging police at speeds of up to 100 m.p.h. He supposedly battled policemen, who tried to subdue him with nightsticks. Four days later he died of head injuries, but by then the story was taking quite a different turn.

Arthur McDuffie, 33, was no wild-riding motorcycle freak. A former Marine, he was an insurance salesman who worked as a volunteer with unemployed ghetto youths. He had no criminal record. The divorced father of three, McDuffie was planning to remarry his childhood sweetheart. Police officials became suspicious of inconsistencies in the officers' reports and started an intensive investigation. Evidence began to indicate that the "accident" had been faked. Last week four Metro policemen, all white, stood charged with manslaughter and fabricating evidence in the case.

As detectives reconstruct the event, McDuffie may well have tried to flee the police. He had accumulated traffic violations and was driving with a suspended license. Investigators believe that when McDuffie finally slowed down, police pulled him off his motorcycle. Then one officer held him as the others started to slug. "Adrenalin gets going during any high-speed chase," says one officer. "The cops just went crazy. They wanted to teach him a lesson." Says another who witnessed the incident: "They looked like a bunch of animals fighting for meat."

A medical examiner found that the 138-lb. McDuffie suffered six severe head wounds. The killing blow was struck squarely between the eyes. Investigators believe that one of the officers grabbed a flashlight in his fists and swung it like a sledgehammer. Then, to make the injuries appear to have been the result of a crash, police allegedly drove a squad car over the motorcycle.

Arthur McDuffie

What has heightened outrage in Miami is the fact that the indicted policemen —Ira Diggs, 31, Alex Marrero, 25, Michael Watts, 30, and William Hanlon, 27 —had a history of brutality charges. So did Herbert Evans Jr., 33, who was implicated in the cover-up. In all, the five men have been cited in 47 citizen complaints and 13 internal review probes in the past seven years. Not one ever received severe disciplinary measures, although Diggs and Evans were relieved of street patrol for short periods. With the trial set for March, the four officers could go to prison for up to 35 years.

Dade County's blacks have picketed the courthouse and marched through downtown Miami with a black coffin. Says McDuffie's mother: "They beat my son like a dog." The family has filed a $5 million suit against Dade County and the accused policemen. "The facts are blatant and obvious," says Dade County's acting public safety director, Bobby Jones. "It was revolting, the most shocking damn thing I've seen in 20 years of police work."

Last week the Metro Commission, the governing body of Dade County, began responding to public outcry by taking the first step toward some reforms: psychological tests for police applicants and officers to detect signs of violence-prone personalities, plans for a community appeals board to handle brutality complaints directly, and giving the public access to some of the force's internal review files. "The same people who beat a black or a chicano today will beat a white person tomorrow," says N.A.A.C.P. Chief Benjamin Hooks. "This is not just a black problem but a citizens' problem." ■

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18	19	19	17	15	19	18	8
MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.

Golden Lights 100's.
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Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **Golden Lights: 100's**—8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Labor's Voice Is Stilled

George Meany: 1894-1980

Crusty George Meany. The adjective was so often tied to his name that Meany would growl (he never just spoke, of course, always growled): "Don't they know my first name isn't Crusty?" Yet the description was apt. The downturned lips, the jowls, the half-closed lids—all were dour. As the decades passed and he retained power as American labor's most dominant and durable leader, Meany's ideas as well as his manner sometimes seemed encrusted by the past. When he criticized Presidents from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Jimmy Carter in his raspy Bronx accent, he did indeed growl. If he did not literally rattle windows at the White House across Lafayette Park from his imposing headquarters, he often shook the occupant.

When William George Meany died last week of cardiac arrest in George Washington University Hospital at the age of 85, he had completed 24 years as the first and, until his retirement last November, the only president of the AFL-CIO. He had outlived such powerful challengers as John L. Lewis, Jimmy Hoffa and Walter Reuther. All too often his foes had underestimated Meany as being merely an ex-plumber with a thick skull. "I don't think that the Federation has a head," scoffed Lewis at an AFL convention in 1947. "I think its neck has just grown up and haired over." After Meany assailed corruption in the Teamsters in 1963, Hoffa declared: "When you're old and decrepit on top of being stupid, you're in trouble. He's blocking us now, but he can't live forever."

Meany was, in fact, a crafty manipulator of the strong-willed men who fought for influence in labor's biggest house. Finding no way to dislodge Meany, first Lewis and his miners, then Hoffa and his Teamsters, finally Reuther and his auto workers, went their separate ways. Thus for almost a quarter of a century, Meany ran the organization he had created. It included as many as 111 unions and 17 million workers at times, and he did not hesitate to consider himself the spokesman for U.S. labor.

If he lacked the missionary fervor of a Eugene Debs ("Ideology is baloney," Meany scoffed) or the organizing zeal of a Samuel Gompers, he clung with consistency to his conviction that no nation could be free if its trade unions are shackled. Meany fought hard for the basics: higher wages, shorter hours, safer working conditions, and limits on corporate profits in any wage-price control plan.

Meany despised politicians and powerbrokers whose positions seemed to bend with every shift of public opinion or the latest headlines. He dismissed them contemptuously as "jitterbugs." Meany did not jitter. A stubborn conservative, he was one of the first cold warriors, urging labor to shun cooperation with the Soviet Union even before World War II had ended. In 1959, when Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan wanted a Sunday tour of the AFL-CIO's impressive new headquarters (it stands, in effect, as a monument to Meany), he rejected a State Department official's plea that he unlock the doors, declaring "Hell, no. I don't want him on the premises."

Nor did Meany ever budge from his all-out support of U.S. intervention in Viet Nam, and he insisted that Chicago police had not overreacted in clubbing antiwar protesters during the 1968 Democratic National Convention. They had merely subdued, he contended, a "dirty-necked and dirty-mouthed group of kooks."

Meany's tough view of life was nurtured early. He grew up in The Bronx as the second of ten children in a Roman Catholic Irish family. When Meany's father died in 1916, George suddenly found himself the sole financial support of his grandfather, his mother and six younger brothers and sisters. He was a plumber, like his father, and he worked hard at his trade until 1922, when he became a professional trade unionist as business agent of his local.

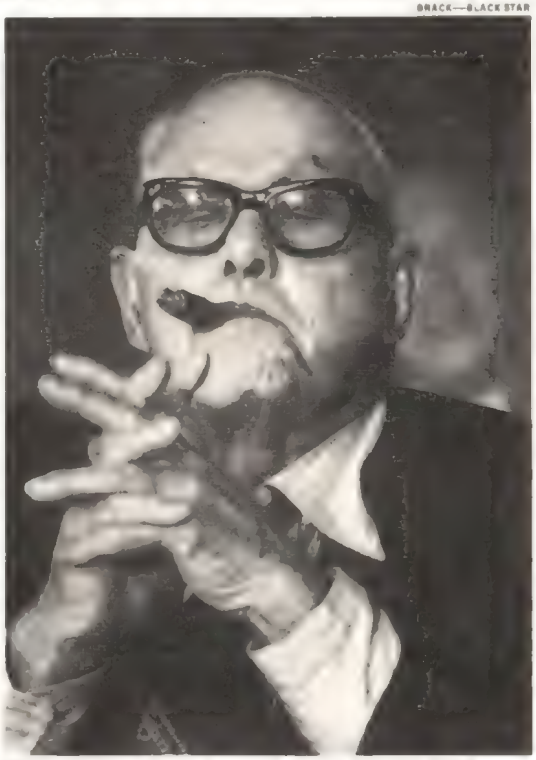
Impatient and energetic, Meany combined his workingman's blunt rhetoric with a knack for grasping the essence of complex labor-management conflicts. In 1934 he was elected president of the New York State Federation of Labor; in 1939 he became secretary-treasurer of the national AFL; in 1952 he was made its president.

Meany's greatest achievement was to engineer the merger of the AFL and the CIO, two jealous and differently conceived umbrella organizations. The AFL organized crafts, the CIO tackled industries, and they often fought for turf. Meany's biographer, Joseph C. Goulden, tells how the former plumber felt that the rivalry was less a matter of philosophical principle than it was a split caused by personality collisions and power grabs. Meany broke the impasse by making a practical and simple proposal: no individual union would lose any of its existing authority. The merger was completed in 1955, with Reuther, head of the CIO, readily agreeing that Meany should get the top spot.

In recent years Meany's influence faltered as the AFL-CIO membership declined. In 1979 it was down to 14 million, only 14% of the U.S. work force. Devastated by the death last March of his wife Eugenia, Meany began to lose interest in his job—and even in living. The aging Irishman who had liked to sit at a piano and sing such ballads as *Cockles and Mussels*—somehow managing to keep his cigar (never in recent years from Havana) from going out—stopped singing. Forced first to use a cane and then a wheelchair, he had given up his favorite sport of golf. Despite his bulk (usually more than 200 lbs.), he had often broken 80. By the time Meany finally retired, his health was already rapidly deteriorating.

The labor boss's fiercely loyal aides had joked about proposing a two-volume biography of their leader. Volume I was to have been titled *George Meany: The First 100 Years*. They could console themselves last week that 85 years was not bad. President Carter praised Meany for his service to labor and recalled a meeting between the old battler and Pope John Paul II at the White House just three months ago. Carter said that the Pope had clasped Meany's hands and said simply, "You do good work for your people." That summed up a lifetime. ■

DRACK—BLACK STAR



His battles won, his rivals routed, Meany muses in 1975

Said the Pope: "You do good work for your people."

AFGHANISTAN

The Soviets Dig In Deeper

An invasion turns into an occupation, but the rebels fight on

As Soviet forces fanned out to consolidate their hold on Afghanistan last week, the aftershocks of the invasion were causing tremors all over Southwest Asia. In neighboring Pakistan, which must now worry about Soviet incursions across its border in pursuit of Muslim Afghan rebels, the unsteady government of President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq appeared ready to accept emergency military aid from the U.S. and its allies. In India the stunning resurgence of Indira Gandhi, long a friend of Moscow, raised the prospect of an ominous tilt toward the Soviet Union in the subcontinent's largest country. In Iran, Ayatullah Khomeini's chaotic regime now had a Soviet threat on its eastern border as it struggled to cope with rebel autonomists and internal squabbles over what to do with the American hostages. In Egypt, Moscow's audacious conquest of Afghanistan cast a darkening shadow over a summit between President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin. In New York City, one Third World country after another rose in the United Nations General Assembly to excoriate the Soviet Union *(see following stories)*.

On the snow-blown slopes of the Afghan mountains, 75,000 Soviet troops turned their invasion into a full-scale occupation. Moscow's divisions spread into the hinterlands to stiffen the Afghan army's wavering resistance against the Muslim insurgency. A huge Soviet military airlift, which set the stage for the Christmas overthrow and execution of President Hafizullah Amin, showed no sign of slowing. Each day, eight to ten gigantic Antonov transport planes landed at Kabul and Bagram airports. Besides an arsenal of T-62 tanks and armored personnel carriers, the planes disgorged electric generators, bulldozers and building materials—telltale fixtures of an army that was digging in for a long stay. At least five Soviet combat divisions were in the country. According to Western intelligence estimates, they controlled the five main population centers, the three big airfields at Bagram, Shindand and Kandahar, and all the important intersections of the paved "beltway" linking Kabul and other main Afghan cities.

Moscow's army of occupation was substantially larger than Afghanistan's own military forces. Kabul's conscript forces, once more than 100,000 strong, had been reduced to fewer than 65,000 by defections. Morale was further eroded by Soviet commanders, who ordered the disarming of Afghan battalions considered to be of suspect loyalty. Consequently, Soviet troops have had to take on an increasing share of the combat against the rebels, who still control about 80% of Afghanistan's barren countryside.

The stubborn bands of *mujahidin* (holy warriors), as the guerrillas call themselves, appeared to have concentrated their fighting in two regions: in the desert flats of the southwest, mainly around the city of Kandahar; and in the mountain provinces of Takhar and Badakhshan in the northeast. Last week the Soviets found

Wearing uniform fur hats and belted greatcoats, a relaxed group of Soviet soldiers wait alongside main highway to Jalalabad AP

themselves rushing to the rescue of Afghan units in both sectors.

In the southwest, Soviet troops were urgently summoned to shore up the defenses of Kandahar after mass defections from Afghan units stationed there. In the northeast, where rebels last week captured Takhar's provincial capital of Taligan, Soviet battalions were believed to be advancing along the highway from Kabul to forestall a rebel seizure of Faizabad in neighboring Badakhshan. In addition, a Soviet column was trying to reopen the key highway at Jalalabad, between Kabul and the Khyber Pass, after repeated harassments by a marauding battalion of Afghan defectors. The Soviets were not advancing unscathed; every night at Kabul airport, loaded ambulances were seen driving into the holds of transport planes bound for bases in the Soviet Union.

How long the rebels can put up an effective resistance is uncertain. The guerrillas are armed primarily with homemade or captured Soviet rifles, plus a few Chinese-made automatic weapons smuggled in from Pakistan; relatively few of the defecting Afghan soldiers have joined the "holy warriors." Moreover, there are at least 60 different rebel groups, divided by ideology as well as old tribal enmities, and they lack a magnetic leader to unify them.

In Kabul, the Soviet-imposed government of President Babrak Karmal tried to project an image of legitimacy. It announced a few cosmetic changes, like a new campaign for land reform, and Karmal promised to release 2,073 political prisoners from Pul-e-Charkhi prison, seven miles outside Kabul. Clinging to the sides of trucks and squatting on the tops of buses, thousands of relatives converged on the prison gates to reclaim their loved ones in a crushing mob scene. Thousands more, lined up six deep, waited in the streets of Kabul. At the end of the day, however, not more than 500 prisoners had actually been released. The next morning the Interior Ministry was besieged by disappointed families, many in tears and some screaming in grief.

Karmal, who had appeared only once on television since the Soviets forcibly installed him, finally turned up in person at a press conference in sumptuous Chilsitoon Palace, once the summer retreat of Afghan monarchs. The new President disingenuously pledged that what he called "the very limited Soviet contingent" would withdraw as soon as "foreign intervention" was halted. He reiterated his government's stock charge that the U.S., China and Pakistan, as well as Saudi Arabia and Egypt, were supporting the insurgency. "The Soviet Union is our sincere and reliable friend," said Karmal, adding, straight-faced, that "the U.S.S.R. has never interfered and is not now interfering in the affairs of other governments."

Applauded sporadically by obsequious Soviet diplomats and reporters, Karmal tried to turn aside tough questions from Western correspondents with bluster and even downright lies. How many Soviet soldiers have been killed or captured since the start of Afghanistan's internal war? "Not even one Soviet soldier has been killed, captured or wounded," he answered. When a British correspondent tried to ask a question, Karmal boorishly denounced him as a representative of British imperialism. "You invaded us three times and you got a rightful and deserved answer from the people of Afghanistan," he growled at the Briton, to the approving guffaws of Soviet embassy diplomats. No Western correspondent bothered to remind them that back in Moscow, readers of the Soviet press would have had a hard time figuring out that there were any Russian troops in Afghanistan at all.

MANOOCHEHR SHOMA

As daily life in Kabul began to return to normal, Soviet troops lowered their profile. During the day few soldiers or military vehicles were in evidence, except for cruising armored cars with mounted loudspeakers blaring messages of friendship and reassurance. But the Russian presence was keenly felt if not always seen, and after dark it materialized in force. "Nobody has any illusions about the fact that Kabul today is run by men with well-oiled Kalashnikov rifles and chauffered Volga sedans," TIME Correspondent David DeVoss reported from the Afghan capital. "Every night, just before 11 p.m. curfew, fleets of armored personnel carriers roll into Kabul from depots outside. Bristling with four machine guns each, they rumble alongside the frozen Kabul River past shuttered mosques and deserted bazaars, and halt momentarily in front of each government building. The elite paratroops who alight do not doze or socialize like the less disciplined Afghans from whom they assume command. Dressed in fur hats, bulky greatcoats and elephantine boots, they

Soviet heavy tanks lined up at a snow-covered bivouac outside Kabul; above, a band of Muslim guerrillas

BORREL—SIPA BLACK STAR

stand alert in the shadows waiting for the armored personnel carriers to pick them up again just before dawn."

It was not easy for the Red Army to be unobtrusive; more than 16,000 of its soldiers had encircled the capital. The Russian presence did not sit at all well with most Afghans. Before the invasion, the poor, illiterate, devoutly Muslim people of Kabul's mud-flecked Old Quarter routinely invited foreigners to take tea in their shop stalls. Now they assumed that all unfamiliar foreigners were Russian and thus to be glared at coldly and jostled. The Soviets were understandably wary. At least 30 soldiers had been murdered in the streets since the coup. The most common form of attack was for enraged bands of teen-agers to catch a Soviet soldier alone and beat him to death with rocks. In addition, shortly after the coup, twelve to 20 more members of the occupying army were reported to have been killed in a raid on their encampment five miles outside Kabul.

The deployment of the five Soviet divisions in Afghanistan raised ominous questions about Moscow's strategic intentions. Two of the mechanized divisions were positioned in western Afghanistan, and more troops were on their way there. In addition, two to three other divisions still in the U.S.S.R. were said to have moved westward toward the Iranian border. To some intelligence analysts in Kabul, the pattern pointed to the possibility of a strike into Iran if the Khomeini regime were to disintegrate.

"These are the divisions I would want if I were to make a run for Tehran," one military attaché speculated in Kabul. "The Soviets are sitting pretty," concurred a South Asian expert. "Coming down from the north and across from Afghanistan, they would have the eastern half of Iran before the U.S. could react. There is no force that could stop them. The only impediment the Soviets would face is one wretched Iranian infantry division in Mashad."

Officials in Washington tended to disagree. They did not rule out the possibility if Iran were to tumble into complete chaos. In the Administration's view, however, it was considered more likely that the Soviets would pour increasing numbers of troops into Afghanistan in order to quell the rebellion as quickly as possible and set Karmal firmly in the saddle. Then, U.S. officials predict, the Kremlin would probably want to pull out as many of the troops as possible—though some tens of thousands would have to remain—and go on a propaganda offensive trumpeting the "stability" of Afghanistan. "They don't want to stay in there," one policy expert said of the Soviets. "They're putting a lot in to get it over with quickly."

The international outrage sparked by the Afghanistan conquest was the most severe since the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Seeking to capitalize on the shock and dismay, the U.S. promoted a U.N. Security Council resolution demanding the immediate withdrawal of Soviet troops. The vote was 13 to 2 in favor, but the Soviet Union promptly, and predictably, exercised its veto.

With that, the drive to condemn Moscow shifted to an emergency session of the General Assembly, where vetoes do not apply and where Third World countries hold a strong majority. The Soviets let Afghan Foreign Minister Shah Mohammed Dost carry their case at the debate's opening. He protested that the U.N. was reviving the "dark days of the cold war." Other delegates remained unpersuaded. Charged Colombia's delegate Indalecio Lievano: The Soviets' arrogant abuse of power represents "a return to the law of the jungle in the era of nuclear weapons."

Scoffed Amoakon Thiemele of the Ivory Coast: "Moscow had the brazenness to proclaim that it had come in at the request of the overthrown government." Lamented Nigeria's B. Akporode Clark: "No country had assisted the Third World more than the Soviet Union. Thus Nigeria has now felt a great sense of disappointment." One after the other, the delegates lashed out at Moscow. It was almost without precedent as a show of anti-Soviet sentiment among the Third World countries. ■

Confronting the Armor Gap

Travelers alighting at Kabul airport shortly after the Soviet invasion have been greeted by a menacing spectacle: a line-up of one of the meanest looking, deadliest vehicles in the world's arsenal of armor. The vehicles are BMDs, a combination light tank and armored personnel carrier used by Soviet airborne divisions. The versatile, 8-ton vehicle is armed with a 73 mm gun, three machine guns and an antitank missile launcher, and carries a crew of five. Like all Soviet-armed vehicles—including the similar but slightly larger BMPs that are also being shipped to Afghanistan—the airtight BMDs can churn through clouds of nerve gas, impervious to biological, chemical and radiological warfare.

The massive Soviet deployment of armored vehicles in Afghanistan has pointed up a growing armor gap between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. The BMDs, BMPs and the Soviets' main battle tank, the T-72, are as good as, if not better than, any armored vehicle the U.S. presently has in use. The Pentagon is trying to surpass Soviet tank technology with the Chrysler-built XM1, which has had numerous problems with its gas-turbine engine. Only 110 of the 54-ton XM1s are expected to be produced this year. Meanwhile, the U.S.S.R. currently has between 45,000 and 50,000 tanks in its arsenal, about five times as many as the U.S., and Soviet production is outdistancing American by about 6 to 1.

Warns Christopher Foss, British editor of the authoritative *Jane's Armour and Artillery 1979-1980*: "The armor gap is so great that the West is falling hopelessly behind in getting vehicles into the field." By 1987, the U.S. Army hopes to deploy 7,000 XM1 tanks to counter the threat of the 25,000 T-72s and tens of thousands of other armored vehicles the Soviets will have by that year. But the Pentagon's goals are at the mercy of congressional cutbacks and increased production costs. Meanwhile, the Soviets are developing a brand-new tank, the T-80, that is meant to surpass the XM1. According to U.S. Assistant Secretary of the Army Percy Pierre, a successor to the T-80 is probably already "on the drawing boards of one of the Soviet tank plants, where thousands of engineers spend their days doing nothing but designing tanks."

BONNEL - SIPA BLACK STAR

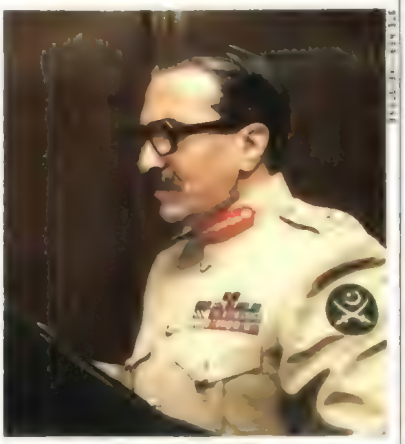
Two Soviet BMP armored personnel carriers parked near a highway in Afghanistan

PAKISTAN

Props for a Tottering Domino

But Zia's government is less than enthusiastic about U.S. aid

Relations between the two nations could hardly have been worse. A mob of fanatical Muslims had attacked the U.S. embassy in Islamabad last November; by the time the siege was lifted, seven hours later, two Americans were dead. The U.S., meanwhile, had consistently obstructed Pakistani efforts to build a uranium-enrichment plant—which would give the country a nuclear weapons capability—had cut off economic and military aid, and had criticized the execution last April of former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Such actions, complained the government-owned *Pakistan Times*, "amounted almost to interference in our internal affairs." Said a State Department official of the embassy attack: "That left a scar that hasn't really healed."



President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq

Yet last week, as the Soviet invasion of neighboring Afghanistan swelled the Afghan refugee population in Pakistan to 400,000 or more, the Carter Administration was suddenly searching for ways to prop up this tottering domino of Southwest Asia. Nobody in Washington predicted that Pakistan faced the immediate threat of an all-out invasion, although the possibility that Soviet troops might cross the border in hot pursuit of the Afghan rebels could not be ruled out. Some Washington contingency planners feared that the Soviets might use their new base in Afghanistan to encourage unrest among the Pushtun and Baluch peoples who populate the border areas and are openly hostile to the Pakistan government. A major fear was that the Soviets might sponsor a revolt by the Baluch, whose traditional homeland stretches along the Arabian Sea into eastern Iran. Such a breakaway by Baluchistan would give Moscow access to ports leading into the Indian Ocean, threaten the Persian Gulf oil supply routes, and probably lead to the end of Pakistan as a viable state.

SHELDON—CONTACT

Refugees from the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in Pakistan's frontier province

Worried about unrest among the border peoples and a breakaway "Baluchistan."

Washington's worries are shared by the Pakistan government, which nonetheless prepared to accept the offers of American help with something less than full enthusiasm. A grim editorial in the *Pakistan Times* charged the U.S. with having adopted a "hostile tone" toward Islamabad and being blind to "the danger posed to Pakistan" by the original Marxist coup in Afghanistan in 1978. It was, said the editorial, "amazing that the event was lost on Washington and London." But in a certain teeth-gritting spirit, the editorial concluded: "Pakistan must accept the offer of military aid from the United States."

Relations between the two countries, which were good during the Nixon Administration, have deteriorated in recent years, and turned notably sour after General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq took power in a 1977 military coup. Washington was annoyed by the general's refusal to abide by his promise to hold elections and restore civilian rule, and was alarmed as well by Pakistan's plan to build a uranium-enrichment plant, reportedly financed in part by Libya.

In trying to dissuade Pakistan from creating an "Islamic bomb," Washington has used both carrot and stick, with equal lack of success. Last spring the Carter Administration offered 50 F-5E fighters and help in developing a nonmilitary nuclear program. Less than a month later, after Pakistan refused to renounce its nuclear-development program, the U.S. withdrew its military and economic aid (about $85 million).

A massive infusion of aid to the Zia regime would be a worry for India, Pakistan's traditional foe. But Indian diplomats have privately told the Carter Administration that New Delhi understands the immediate need to bolster Zia militarily and indicated that the new Indira Gandhi government would not object, provided the equipment Zia receives is not overly sophisticated. India's reasoning: if Pakistan was truly threatened with attack, it could not defend itself without American military intervention. Therefore, the Indians say, the only use Pakistan would have for highly sophisticated weapons would be against India.

One fear in Washington is that Zia might use his new weaponry to keep himself in power. His coup against Bhutto initially had widespread popular support. The first truly devout Muslim leader in Pakistan's history, Zia inspired an Islamic revival among the country's 73 million Muslims (96% of the population). He restored stability after a period of political chaos. But despite his original promises, he will not release the reins of power; he continues—like Bhutto—to put his political opponents in jail, and the economy has continued its downward slide. Bhutto's followers have not forgiven Zia for having their leader martyred.

Some diplomatic experts believe that the Zia government has no public support. In the words of one Washington analyst: "The U.S. is about to rush great aid to a government that represents nothing." Another observer in Washington offers the chilling suggestion that the situation the U.S. now faces in Iran could arise in Pakistan. Says he: "We might end up again giving guns to a tyrannical regime that will use them against its own citizens. And if Zia falls, then we'll be in a worse position than we started with."

Zia, meanwhile, has strongly endorsed the revolutionary regime in Iran, and cooperation with Ayatullah Khomeini's archenemy—Washington—will not be a popular move among many Pakistani Muslims. Thus the Zia government, says a high-ranking U.S. official, has been debating "how closely it can embrace us." To make things easier, the White House has been able to put together a "consortium" of aid-giving nations, so Zia will not be put in the position of accepting handouts direct from the U.S.

Will some of the aid find its way to the Afghan rebels? The Soviets certainly think so. Last week an article in *Pravda* charged that the rebels were being trained by American, Chinese and Pakistani officers and that money and weapons were flowing in "an endless stream from the United States, China and a number of other Western countries." Warned *Pravda*: "Participation in such adventures is by no means in accord with the interest of the Pakistani people or the principles of good-neighborly relations." ■

INDIA

For Indira: Victory and Vindication

From deepest disgrace to an overwhelming landslide

Overturning nearly all predictions, confounding every pundit, Indira Gandhi swept back into power as Prime Minister of India last week. In the biggest electoral victory of her checkered political career, and in one of the most extraordinary political comebacks of all time, Mrs. Gandhi led her Congress Party to recapture India less than three years after voters had resoundingly repudiated her 21-month "emergency" dictatorship. When the last of the 196 million votes in national elections were counted, her party had won 351 of the 525 contested seats in the Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament). With a two-thirds majority, she can legally abolish the constitutional safeguards set up to prevent a recurrence of her 1975-77 oppressive rule.

Mrs. Gandhi's triumph virtually wiped out her Congress Party's two major contenders: neither the Janata nor the Lok Dal party gained the requisite 54 seats to qualify for recognition as the official opposition. In her own home state of Uttar Pradesh, where Mrs. Gandhi had been ignominiously turned out of her parliamentary seat in the 1977 elections, she won 56% of the vote in the constituency of Rae Bareli. She also won in a second constituency, in Andhra Pradesh, capturing 66% of the vote.

Underscoring the extent of her victory—and her vindication—was the election of her son Sanjay, 33, who had been held responsible for many of the excesses of the emergency rule. Out of prison on appeal of a three-year sentence for crimes connected with abuses of power, Sanjay won his first parliamentary seat with a plurality of more than 100,000 votes in an Uttar Pradesh district.

A jubilant Indira declared that her party had won "entirely on my name." Indeed, there was little doubt that the country had responded once again to the dynastic magic of the daughter of India's venerated first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. Apparently forgotten were her authoritarian ways: the coercive programs of enforced male sterilization and slum clearance that took place during the emergency, the arrest of tens of thousands of political opponents, the censorship of the press. Mrs. Gandhi had successfully appealed to the elemental needs and concerns of India's rural masses with her two election slogans: "Banish Poverty" and "Law and Order." Combining charisma with extraordinary endurance, she had given as many as 20 campaign speeches a day on a 40,000-mile, 63-day campaign tour of 384 constituencies, during which she was seen and heard by an estimated 240 million people. None of her opponents remotely approached having such exposure.

Mrs. Gandhi had delivered her most crushing blow to Jagjivan Ram's Janata Party, which had emerged triumphant in the 1977 election. Though Janata had split into two factions last summer, pundits favored Ram to become Prime Minister as head of a coalition government. Ram was re-elected to Parliament last week, but his party picked up only 31 seats, compared with 295 in 1977. Particularly mortifying to Ram, an Untouchable, was the fact that the majority of his 85 million fellow *harijans* had voted for the party of Mrs. Gandhi, an upper-class Brahmin.

Charan Singh, the caretaker Prime Minister and leader of Janata's spin-off, the Lok Dal party, fared little better. His campaign warnings that the election of Indira and Sanjay heralded a return to dictatorship were ignored. Lok Dal won only 41 seats in Parliament, including Singh's own. It seemed unlikely that the bitterly quarrelsome Lok Dal and Janata parties could repair their breach in order to form an effective opposition to Gandhi's Congress Party. An ominous prospect, however, is an alliance between the Communist parties that won a total of 37 seats in West Bengal. Though the parties have ideological differences, they may join with leftist parties and splinter groups in other states to qualify as India's only official opposition bloc in Parliament.

After receiving congratulations from Ram and Singh, Mrs. Gandhi proceeded to New Delhi's imposing Parliament House. Dressed for the occasion in a shiny new red and gold sari, she received bouquets of roses and garlands of white flowers from the 350 legislators who had been elected under her leadership. President Neelam Sanjiva Reddy then formally invited her to form a government.

This scene was all the more extraordinary because the last time she had appeared in Parliament was in December 1978, when she was expelled on charges involving harassment of government officials during the emergency rule. She is still under investigation on four charges of abuse of power, although the assumption is that these will be shelved. Earlier this month, she dismissed the charges as having "nothing in them." She also called for an investigation "from a purely legal point of view" of the special courts assigned to process the various cases pending against her and her son Sanjay. Still she attempted to quiet fears that her new government would strike back at those she claims have persecuted her. Calling for national reconciliation, she said: "We are not petty people. We do not think in terms of vendetta and personal vindictiveness."

Meanwhile, Sanjay was celebrating his debut as a legislator and the now probable success of the appeal of his conviction. (He was found guilty of stealing and then destroying the master print of a movie satirizing his mother's rule.) Re-

DILIP MEHTA—CONTACT

Indira Gandhi accepting flowers from her supporters after the election

The country had once again responded to her dynastic magic.

New Shell Fire & Ice® Motor Oil is as good to your gas tank as it is to your engine.

Shell Fire & Ice All Season Motor Oil protects your car's engine in blistering heat, shivering cold and everything in between. But that's not all.

Now, a special formula reduces engine friction so well, it actually saves gasoline. As much, in comparable tests, as the leading gas-saving oils.

So change to Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil. It could save your engine. It will save gas.

turning to the capital from his new constituency in Amethi, he was greeted at New Delhi airport by several hundred vociferous supporters playing flutes, bugles and drums. Sanjay, who has long been his mother's most influential adviser, will wield additional power through a number of new M.P.s who were handpicked by him to run for Parliament.

With her solid majority in the lower house, Mrs. Gandhi can probably provide the stable government that voters clearly wanted after the dithering months of ineffective Janata rule. Her hyperbolic vow to banish poverty in India is clearly out of reach; still, she can and will please the poor by keeping her promise to reduce the prices of cooking oil, kerosene, sugar and, especially, the onions that are essential to the Indian cuisine. Indeed the price of onions dropped 5¢ per lb. in the wake of her election victory, as merchants reduced their prices to forestall anticipated controls. In most other respects, however, India's 21% inflation rate will prove tougher to control. A poor summer harvest has already raised food prices, while the impact on industry of the rising cost of imported oil is bound to further boost inflation.

In Washington and other Western capitals, there was concern whether Indira's India would drift from the strictly nonaligned posture of the Janata regime into a closer relationship with the Soviet Union. The country's 20-year friendship treaty with the U.S.S.R. was signed in 1971, before Mrs. Gandhi's fall. The new Prime Minister, long regarded as sympathetic to Moscow, was characteristically mild in her censure of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan during her interview with TIME *(see box)*. Since the election, India's delegate at the U.N. has been instructed to support the Soviet position on Afghanistan.

Meanwhile, there were subtle changes in New Delhi, as voters and bureaucrats prepared for the likelihood that Mrs. Gandhi's promise of law-and-order would apply first to the capital. Drivers no longer ran red lights at will, and government employees, who were accustomed to arriving at their offices around 11 a.m., were now at work by 10 a.m. Above all, the election results had reflected the voters' conclusion that leadership is better than no leadership. The Janata experiment had never worked, because Janata was not a party. It was a collage of special interests united on only one issue: Indira must go. That accomplished, the coalition disintegrated in parliamentary and personal squabbles. Now, Indians believe that a chastened Mrs. Gandhi can run a single-party government with enough room to maneuver. Still, there is peril in the fact that the only coherent opposition is in the hands of the Communist bloc. With the options cast in such extreme terms, India's democracy may be entering its severest test. ■

"Things Are in a Mess Here"

On the back veranda of her home at 12 Willingdon Crescent in New Delhi, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi last week briefly outlined some of her foreign policy views for TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger. Mrs. Gandhi declined to say what specific role India would play in the politics of the region since, as she put it, "before you can offer some leadership, you have to set your house in order. At this moment things are in a mess here." But then she added: "That doesn't mean we can ignore what's happening on our borders." Excerpts from the interview:

Gandhi reading about her victory

Q. Did you say you "deplored" the Soviet interference in Afghanistan's internal affairs?

A. I said I disapproved. I disapprove of any foreign presence. And that's a foreign presence.

Q. What other foreign presences are there in Afghanistan?

A. No, no, I mean on principle I disapprove of foreign presence in developing countries. [In Afghanistan] the Soviets say they were asked to go in. I have no way of checking whether they were or not.

Q. What will be the position of your government on the holding of the U.S. hostages in Iran?

A. I have deplored that. I am very much against the politics of violence in Tehran. So far as hostages are concerned, they have nothing to do with policy or anything [meaning, in effect, that they are innocent victims].

Q. During your campaign, you were quoted as saying that you would recognize the [Hanoi-backed Heng Samrin] government in Cambodia. Why?

A. Well, we think they have control, and what we heard about the last days of the other [Pol Pot] regime was just too ghastly for words—the pictures we got.

Q. What are your views on the American plans for military assistance to Pakistan?

A. Well, we don't view it very kindly. Pakistan has always said it's either going to fight Communism or something or other with the arms, but in actual fact they have used them against us. I think even if they are used against Afghanistan it's not going to contribute to peace in the area. When the government is as it is in Pakistan, there is also a danger that [weapons] may be used against their own people. So from all points of view we think it's a mistake. Besides, any kind of alliance which is against somebody always increases tension and creates problems. So this kind of linkup with the U.S., Pakistan and China I think is dangerous for our area.

Q. Is Soviet military and economic assistance a factor in your foreign policy?

A. No. We do take help from people, but we have kept a very independent nonaligned line. So far as our purchases are concerned, our effort has been to diversify as much as possible.

Q. As between countries?

A. As between countries. When I became Prime Minister [for the first time] our foreign exchange was at rock bottom. It was during my time that we built it up. So we were forced to buy arms even if they were more expensive, if we could pay in rupees. [During the 1950s, the U.S. would accept payment for weapons only in hard currency.]

Q. Then would you be in the market for U.S. arms?

A. Well, it just depends—we've never been against it; it just depends on what we need, what the army needs. And whether we can afford it.

MR. GOODWRENCH EXPLAINS 4 WAYS TO GET BETTER GAS MILEAGE

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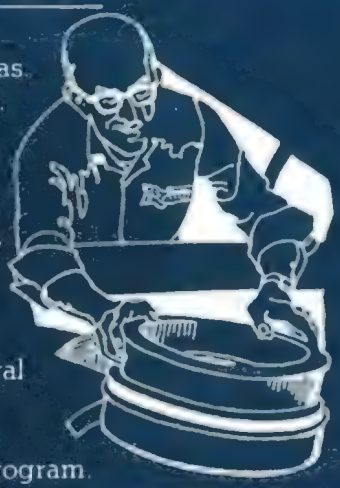

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IRAN

A New Hostage Tug of War

At home and abroad, Khomeini faces mounting pressures

Wearing his familiar black turban and cape, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini sat on the flat roof of his single-story house in Qum and waved impassively to thousands of followers jamming the narrow streets below. The occasion was the solemn Shi'ite religious holiday known as Arba'un. Many of the pilgrims ritualistically flogged themselves with small chains to the beat of drums and tambourines; others wore white shrouds, symbolizing their willingness to die for Islam. "The only leader is Khomeini!" chanted the multitude, as red-lettered posters proclaimed DEATH TO AMERICA. It was one of the Ayatullah's last appearances before going into seclusion for two weeks because of "fatigue."

The spiritual leader of Iran's revolution might indeed be feeling some strain. Even as he basked in the adulation of the mobs at Qum, armed Azerbaijani militants loyal to Ayatullah Seyed Kazem Sharietmadari were battling Khomeini's followers and Revolutionary Guards in the streets of Tabriz. Last week's outburst, the latest clash in a simmering Azerbaijani rebellion against the central government, left at least six dead and 100 wounded before Tabriz was brought under control by local police, army troops and Revolutionary Guards.

In the neighboring province of Kurdistan, meanwhile, autonomist rebels killed at least four government military officers. Antigovernment riots also claimed ten lives in southeastern Baluchistan province, and religiously motivated gunfights between Sunni and Shi'ite Muslims left at least 40 dead and 200 wounded in the Persian Gulf port of Bandar Lengeh. About the only good news that greeted the Ayatullah was the arrest in Tehran of the leader and 35 members of an anticlerical Islamic terrorist ring, known as Forqhan, which has claimed responsibility for the murder of at least two members of the Revolutionary Council.

Against this backdrop of domestic unrest, the Khomeini regime faced growing external pressure as a result of its refusal to release the 50 U.S. hostages who have been held captive in the Tehran embassy since Nov. 4. Reporting to the Security Council on his mission to Iran, United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim held out little hope for a speedy resolution, since Iranian authorities continued to demand the extradition of the Shah and the return of his assets.

The Carter Administration, which apparently accepts Waldheim's gloomy forecast, moved last week to bring a resolution calling for economic sanctions against Iran to a Security Council vote. The American proposal calls on U.N. members to halt all exports to Iran, except food and medicine. In addition, it would curb the Iranians' ability to obtain new foreign loans or convert their dollars into other Western currencies.

There was little chance that the resolution would pass the Security Council, since the Soviets have threatened to veto it. But Washington insisted that it would go ahead with its own sanctions; moreover, the major Western industrial nations and Japan have agreed to respect most of the U.S.-proposed measures regardless of the Security Council vote. Predicted one U.S. official: "Sanctions won't bring them to their knees, but they will hurt."

U.S. diplomats, however, also admit that there is little if any likelihood that sanctions would lead to freedom for the hostages. Meeting with 80 Congressmen at the White House last week, President Carter painted a bleak picture of prospects for their speedy release. The main problem, he said, was that "there's nobody there with whom we can get in touch." He questioned Khomeini's ability to control the "international terrorists or the kidnapers who are holding our hostages." Echoing that view, one senior State Department official told reporters that "these terrorists are swimming in a sea of support from the Iranian government and people." The goal of the sanctions strategy, he explained, was "to separate them from that support."

American hopes of isolating the self-described "students" from the political leadership may have been unexpectedly advanced by a week-long tug of war over U.S. Chargé d'Affaires L. Bruce Laingen, who has been held at the Foreign Ministry since the embassy takeover. Two weeks ago, the militants had imperiously demanded that Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh send Laingen to the embassy for questioning about alleged "documents of espionage."

Seeing Laingen as an important liaison for possible future negotiations with Washington and anxious to shore up his own authority, Ghotbzadeh shrewdly referred the matter to Khomeini. Despite the entreaties of a student delegation that visited Qum, Khomeini maintained his silence—thereby tacitly backing his Foreign Minister and the Revolutionary Council, which had originally decided to "harbor" Laingen and two U.S. aides. Said a Ghotbzadeh aide with satisfaction: "I guess we have given the students an idea where the line should be drawn."

The Laingen dispute also suggested that the Revolutionary Council, which Khomeini had cold-shouldered for several weeks, was rising in his esteem again. Said one insider of the clerical Establishment: "Council members have agreed on the need to distinguish between firmness and rashness. The students should not be allowed to think they are the only reliable interpreters of the Imam's wishes and ideals." That development was mildly encouraging to some Administration officials, who feel that some moderate members of the council are eager for a resolution of the hostage situation. Still, cautioned a White House source, "there is no feeling that anybody in the Revolutionary Council is ready to move yet." ■

CHAUVEL—SYGMA

Supporters of Ayatullah Sharietmadari rioting in the streets of Tabriz

Domestic upheavals and threatened sanctions, but little hope for a speedy solution.

The Merit Report

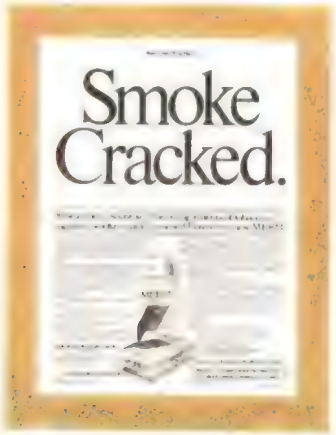
The latest update on the cigarette that's challenging high tar smoking–and winning.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

1976: Taste Barrier Broken.

In the early 1970's, smokers believed low tar meant low taste. In fact, 8 out of every 10 smokers who tried low tar brands rejected them. Then along came low tar MERIT.



MERIT was the result of a twelve-year effort by scientists to isolate "key" flavor ingredients in cigarette smoke —*natural components that delivered taste way out of proportion to tar.* This led to the development of the 'Enriched Flavor'™ process, a breakthrough which made possible a low tar cigarette capable of delivering extraordinary taste.

Research quickly confirmed the MERIT breakthrough. In blind taste tests against higher tar cigarettes, a majority of smokers reported MERIT actually matched the taste of the higher tar brands tested!

In January, 1976, MERIT was introduced. And a whole new taste era in low tar smoking began.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1977: Taste Science Breakthrough for 100's Smokers.

Word spread quickly and many smokers requested MERIT in a longer length. MERIT taste science was applied to a 100's length with striking results. In new taste tests, a majority of smokers reported *they liked the taste of new low tar MERIT 100's as much as that of leading high tar 100's tested.*

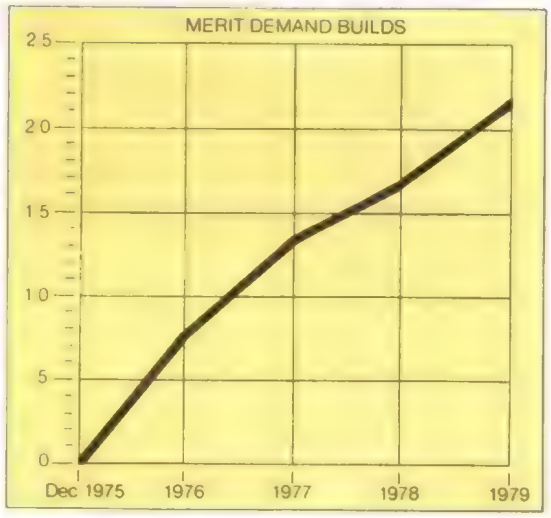
MERIT 100's had successfully challenged the taste of high tar cigarettes.

1978: MERIT Changes Smoking.

Demand was building—even among low tar smoking's toughest-to-please critics, high tar smokers. In fact, over 70% of MERIT smokers were coming directly from high tar brands.

"We were looking for a low tar cigarette, and MERIT was the best-tasting low tar cigarette we found. It satisfies you."

—Bonnie Graves
Arena, Wisconsin



Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

"To me, MERIT 100's taste better than any other cigarette."

—Louise Maes
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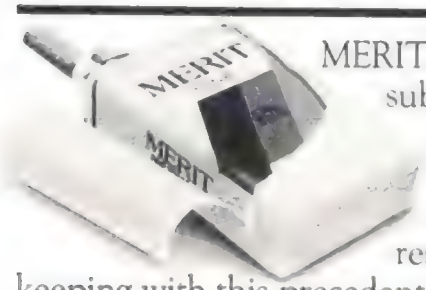
"I've tried other brands, but MERIT satisfies my taste more."

—Charles A. Rice
Nashville, Georgia

Smoker acceptance demonstrated MERIT could successfully compete against high tar cigarettes.

Would smoker research reaffirm that MERIT can match the taste of high tar cigarettes and also provide long-term satisfaction?

1979: New Research Results: Smokers Prefer MERIT 3 To 1!



MERIT has always substantiated taste claims with documented research. In keeping with this precedent, an extensive new national smoker study was undertaken in March-April, 1979.

As part of this new wave of testing, thousands of smokers compared the taste of cigarettes from unidentified packs. The comparison: one of several leading high tar brands versus low tar MERIT. The results reaffirmed the MERIT breakthrough.

Proof: In tests where brand identity was concealed, a significant majority of smokers rated the taste of low tar MERIT as good as—or better than—high tar leaders. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Proof: Among the 95% of smokers stating a preference, the MERIT low tar/good taste combination was favored 3 to 1 over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed!

And, in a new survey of former high tar smokers who have switched to MERIT, 9 out of 10 reported they enjoy smoking *as much*, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best-tasting low tar they've *ever* tried!

1980: New Choice for Millions.

It's clearer than ever. In test after test, nationwide research continues to affirm MERIT's unique combination of taste and low tar. A combination that's attracting more and more smokers every day and—more importantly—satisfying them *long term*.

MERIT *is* the first proven alternative to high tar smoking.

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Kings & 100's

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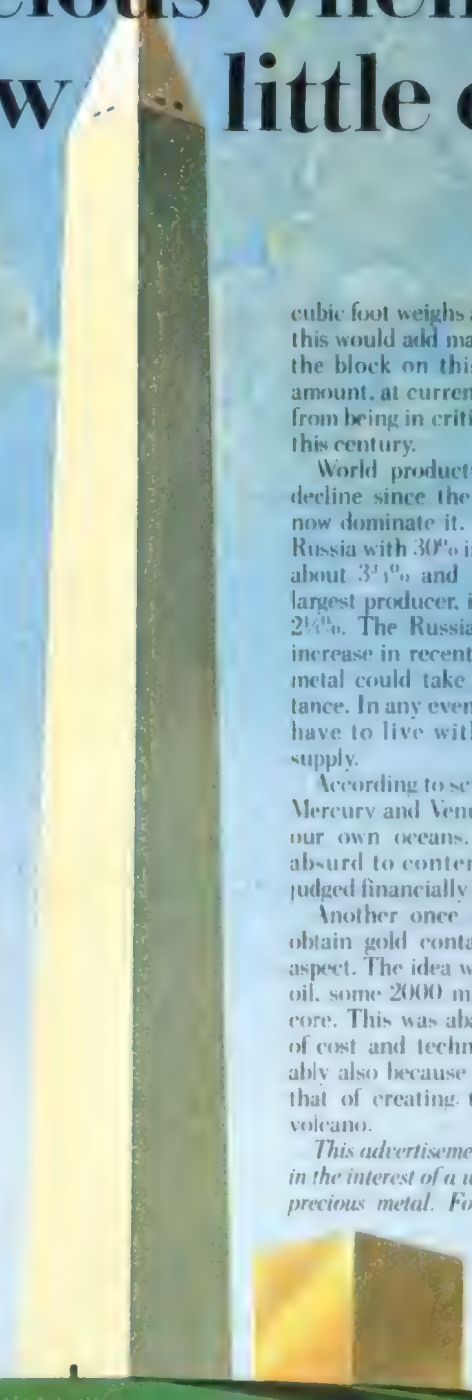

For more than 60 centuries man has relentlessly scratched, tunneled, panned, stripped, dredged and blasted for gold.

In the process he has moved, crushed and sifted enough rock to build a mountain range, overcoming the most incredible of mining obstacles.

Even more incredible, and certainly unknown to many, is what he has gained for his effort. Man has relatively little gold.

This is demonstrated by the illustration here. Beside the Washington Monument is an imaginary block of gold. The Monument is 555 feet, or 185 yards, in height—the block is 18 yards on each side, about one-tenth the Monument's mass.

This block represents not just the gold of America, but all the gold mankind owns. It is your watch, your ring, your necklace, as well as all the gold in all government reserves. It is all the gilding of churches, the solid gold museum artifacts, the dental fillings and even the gold plating on dime store doodads. It is all.

One should really reflect again on that dimension—an 18-yard-high cube—this is the gold of 6000 years. No wonder it is precious: no wonder man seeks more of it.

As it is he goes deeper into the earth for gold than for anything else, in some places as far as two-and-a-half miles. There the temperature, despite fresh air circulation, reaches 130 degrees and rocks can explode spontaneously from the pressure of the earth above.

One might wonder how much more gold exists. Well, according to experts, there's not a lot. A recent estimate puts some 41,000 metric tons as the probably attainable reserve. This sounds like a large quantity but we must remember that gold is extremely heavy—a cubic foot weighs about half a ton. Recovering this would add maybe another fifty percent to the block on this page. But not even that amount, at current usage, would prevent gold from being in critical supply before the end of this century.

World production has been in a general decline since the 1960's, and two countries now dominate it. South Africa with 51% and Russia with 30% in 1978. Canada is third with about 3¼% and the U.S., once the world's largest producer, is now fourth with just over 2¼%. The Russian output has been on the increase in recent years, so possession of the metal could take on a more strategic importance. In any event, it appears one day we will have to live with our short and precious supply.

According to scientists, gold exists on Mars, Mercury and Venus and also in the waters of our own oceans. The former is somewhat absurd to contemplate and the latter was judged financially impractical.

Another once seriously proposed idea to obtain gold contained an almost doomsday aspect. The idea was to drill, as one would for oil, some 2000 miles into the earth's molten core. This was abandoned mostly for reasons of cost and technical unfeasibility, but probably also because it ran a tremendous risk—that of creating the world's first man-made volcano.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information on gold, write to The Gold Information Center, Department 781, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

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MIDDLE EAST

Troubled Summit at Aswan

A unity in global outlook, but no progress on autonomy

The view was soothing and so was the 80° weather: the two men chatting together by the sun-drenched pool of Aswan's Oberoi Hotel on the Nile might have been old friends planning their next family vacation together. But the impression was deceptive. For Israel's Premier Menachem Begin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, the relaxed atmosphere at last week's summit could not conceal troublesome problems ahead in giving "momentum to the peace process," as Sadat put it. The two leaders agreed to establish formal relations between Egypt and Israel on Jan. 26, in accordance with the timetable laid down at Camp David. But Begin and Sadat remained far apart on the nature of an autonomy plan for the Palestinian Arabs of the West Bank and Gaza.

The summit was the fifth that the two have held since the signing of the peace treaty last March. Sadat and Begin, who were accompanied to Egypt's best-known winter resort by their wives, resumed the warm, almost joshing relationship of previous meetings. When Begin gallantly made a dinner toast to Sadat's wife Jehan ("To our dear lady, or perhaps I should say our beautiful lady") his Egyptian host, amid roars of laughter, responded with mock jealousy: "Begin, be careful."

For all the banter, there was an underlying sense of urgency about the talks. The seizing of American hostages in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan had transformed the summit, said a Begin aide, "from just a discussion on Palestinian autonomy to a broad consideration of regional matters." At their second session, beside the hotel swimming pool, the two men pored intently over a large map of the Middle East and Southwest Asia, with Sadat using his pipestem as a pointer. The leaders found that their views of the Iranian and Afghan crises coincided. Responding to a dinner toast, with Sadat nodding his approval, Begin denounced Khomeini's rule as "an outburst of dark fanaticism, of black hatred." Later he termed the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan "one of the most brutal acts of our time." "Thank God," he noted somewhat smugly at one point, "Egypt and Israel, unlike these two negative phenomena, are on the side of right, not wrong, of justice, not its opposite, of freedom, and not slavery."

Even before the summit began, Sadat had reacted strongly to the Kremlin-decreed coup in Kabul. He ordered a cutback in Soviet diplomatic personnel in Cairo, severed all ties with the pro-Moscow regimes in Syria and South Yemen, and announced that Egypt would provide training camps and military assistance for the Afghan rebels. Sadat's Defense Minister, Kamal Hassan Ali, disclosed that the Egyptian and U.S. air forces had conducted joint exercises in recent weeks, to prepare for a contingency that might require the Americans to use Egypt's facilities. Among the U.S. aircraft deployed for the exercises were two E-3A Sentry AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System), which carry highly sophisticated electronic surveillance equipment.

Begin and Sadat may see eye to eye about the problems of the region, but there was no detailed discussion at Aswan about Israeli-Egyptian military or strategic cooperation—which would make Sadat even more of a pariah to his Arab colleagues than he already is. Besides, noted a senior Egyptian official, "we must concentrate on solving the Palestinian problem before thinking about military strategy." The Israelis insist that autonomy means only a limited measure of self-rule for the Palestinians; the Egyptians argue that there must be steps of substance toward the ultimate goal of independence for the West Bank and Gaza.

During the talks, Egypt's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Butros Ghali, complained bitterly in several interviews that time was running out on the autonomy problems. When Begin expressed irritation at these heavyhanded warnings, Sadat was quick to assure him that he was not orchestrating a "good cop, bad cop" approach to the summit. In an effort to end the stalemate, Sadat offered a new two-part proposal: an overall agreement on autonomy for the occupied territories, which would be first put into effect in Gaza. The 146-sq.-mi. strip along the Mediterranean was under Egyptian administration from 1948 until 1967, and does not carry the emotional and religious overtones for Israeli nationalists that the West Bank does. Begin promised that he would discuss the proposal with his Cabinet. "Autonomy is a novelty," he said before he left Aswan, "and we must be patient."

The Israeli leader came away from the summit with further tokens of Sadat's determination to make peace a reality. The leaders agreed that there would be an exchange of ambassadors on Feb. 26, one month after the formal establishment of relations. The Egyptians also expressed willingness to establish direct air service between Tel Aviv and Cairo, to set up postal and telecommunications links, and open the land borders between the two countries to civilian traffic. In agreeing to go ahead with these arrangements, declared a beaming Begin, Sadat had shown himself to be "a man of his word."

Good will may not be enough to unlock the autonomy issue. Though Sadat graciously conceded that there were still "four months to agree on autonomy," his next scheduled meeting with Begin is not until April, in Israel. That puts the two leaders working on their own, perilously close to deadline. Despite firm denials by U.S. officials in Washington, both Israeli and Egyptian observers were speculating that Jimmy Carter may yet have to convene Camp David II to produce an autonomy plan—one that will somehow satisfy both parties to the peace treaty. ■

President Sadat and Premier Begin studying map, at pool of the Oberoi Hotel

For all the banter, there was an underlying sense of urgency about the talks.

Küng Unrepentant

While Vatican holds firm

When Hans Küng arrived last week for his first lecture after the University of Tübingen's holiday break, the classroom was jammed with 300 students and onlookers. Another 300 next door listened in via loudspeaker. The Vatican may have declared him unfit to be considered a Roman Catholic theologian, but Father Küng was back at his Tübingen lectern, at which he has taught since 1960 and now occupies as bestselling author, West German celebrity and a focus of Catholic theological rebellion.

Küng scrapped his scheduled lecture on the Apostles' Creed and instead read a long statement titled "Why I Remain a Catholic," and answered questions. He emphasized again his rejection of the doctrinal infallibility of the Pope and the bishops. "I have no intention of giving up my duties as a priest and theologian, or of leaving the church," he stated. "To teach absolute obedience to the leader is a disservice to the younger generation."

The West German hierarchy did not agree. In a "declaration" to be read from every pulpit in the nation this week, it said: "Not even the Pope himself is free from error. But if the bishops and the Pope state that something is God-revealed, then the help of the Holy Spirit prevents them from error. This is what Professor Küng denies, and it is a fundamental tenet of the faith."

After the Vatican acted against Küng last month, 2,000 demonstrators rallied in Lucerne, Switzerland, waving such banners as: AFTER THE VATICAN COUNCIL —THE ICE AGE. In Rottenburg, West Germany, within 48 hours, 4,000 people signed a petition from an *ad hoc* protest committee. Last week worshipers emerged from Mass at the cathedral in Cologne to find 37 protesting priests and seminarians hanging Küng in effigy and burning his books: the pantomime was intended to satirize the church's decision. Otherwise, the Küng case has so far produced joint protests from scholars but little of the general uproar that attended, say, Pope Paul's birth control encyclical. In West Germany, Küng enjoys wide—but not overwhelming—backing among younger priests and the laity. In Rome, he is viewed more as a popularizer than a serious theologian.

The Vatican acted under terms of its concordat with Germany, a holdover from the era of the diplomat Popes, under which professors of Roman Catholic theology at state institutions must have a *missio canonica* (canonical mission to teach) from the local bishop. In Küng's case, this is Bishop Georg Moser of Rottenburg-Stuttgart. Austria is the only other nation where a concordat gives bishops so much power over theologians at secular campuses. Elsewhere, except for schools under direct church control, the Vatican has only the power to inform Catholics that a professor's views are not sanctioned.

Hans Küng last week delivering first campus lecture since papal meeting on his case

To one side an ice age in the making, to the other a danger of "chaos and confusion."

Küng has long declined to go to Rome unless the Vatican guarantees him an open hearing, which it has refused to do. When the decree was issued, he met with Bishop Moser, who agreed to take a letter from Küng to the Pope. After that, John Paul II held a five-hour meeting on the case with three Vatican officials, Moser and four other German bishops. The result: all participants agreed to stand firm, and Moser returned to notify the university and the education ministry of the state of Baden-Württemberg.

As things stood last week, Küng is a supposedly *verbotener* theologian who remains a member of Tübingen's Catholic faculty and head of its Institute for Ecumenical Research. But in compliance with the concordat, Küng will no longer officially instruct would-be priests or those training to teach Catholic theology, formerly 60% of his students. They may sit in on his lectures, but will not receive academic credit. The minister-president of Baden-Württemberg state, Lothar Späth, plans a "careful legal examination" of the concordat to determine whether Küng can remain on the Catholic faculty at Tübingen. If not, he promised Küng an "adequate alternative" and "full protection as a tenured civil servant." But if the education ministry tries to switch Küng to another department, he is prepared to take his case to court.

Whatever the legal outcome, the hierarchy is adamant. "The true faith is that of St. Peter and the bishops, not that of the professors. Otherwise the word of God would be abandoned in chaos and confusion," declares Cologne's Joseph Cardinal Höffner, head of the West German bishops' conference. Adds Bishop Moser: "The church cannot become a playground for conflicts of theology." ■

Faith in Africa

A tale of joyful numbers

Many churches in North America and Western Europe have seen their membership dwindle for years. But throughout the Third World, and particularly in Africa, Christianity is undergoing the largest numerical expansion in church history. David Barrett, a Nairobi-based researcher who is completing a major multivolume work on world religious trends, estimates that more than 6 million Africans are added to Christianity every year, at an astonishing rate of 16,600 believers a day.

Much of the increase is simply the result of the rise in population, but Anglican Barrett reckons that two-fifths of the total are converts. He sees "a grassroots turning away from local tribal religions to a universal religion." Besides Christianity, of course, there is a second universal religion in Africa—Islam—and Barrett figures its continent-wide increase at 4,784,000 people a year, of whom 6% are converts from other faiths. All of the church groups are prospering, he reports: Roman Catholic, Anglican, Protestant, "African Independent" and heterodox sects like the Jehovah's Witnesses.

The decline of colonial protection has not discouraged the growth of Christianity; neither has the existence of those hostile regimes that have often replaced colonialism. The spread "is true of the entire tropical belt of Africa from east to west," says Barrett. And southward too, except that growth is slower in South Africa. There "Christianity is still associated with white Afrikanerdom." ■

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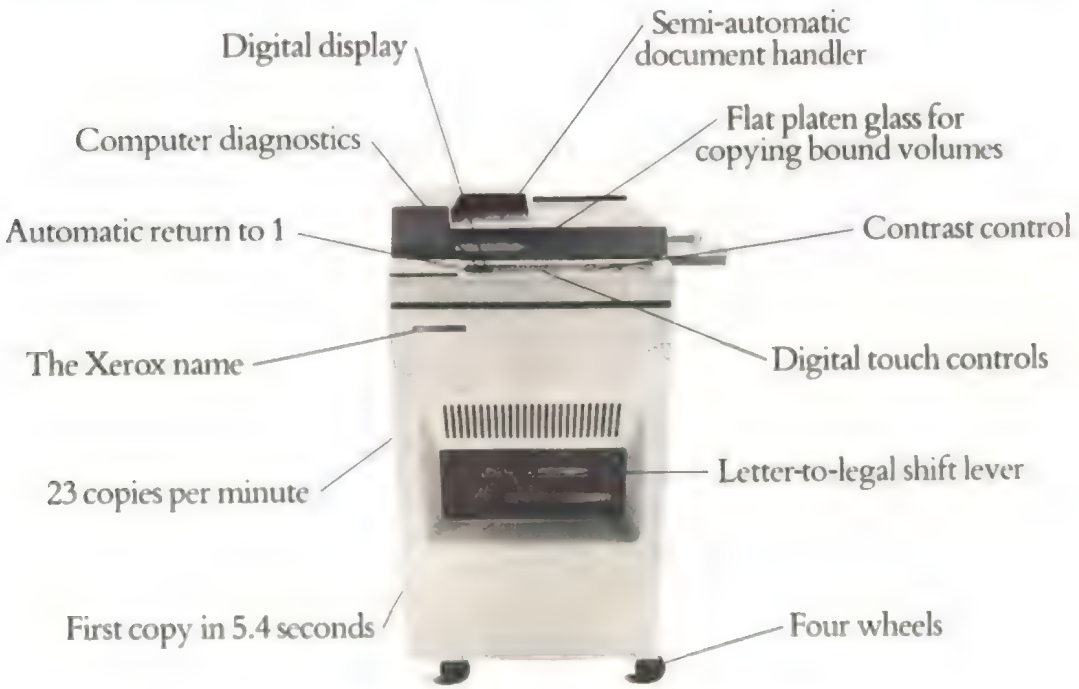

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Let's Fall in Limerence

A new book codifies the agony of romantic love

Dear Ralph,

Your four love letters arrived today. My landlady said a heavily sweating man stuffed them in the mailbox and lurched off like a wounded kiwi, so I assume you delivered them yourself. A million thanks, really.

All the letters make fine reading, but I was particularly struck by your complaint (letter 2, page 27) of a persistent heavy feeling in the chest that can only be relieved by sighing. Ralph, this is a clue. You are not just in love, you are *limerent*. This is a brand-new word made up by a University of Bridgeport psychologist, Dorothy Tennov, in her new book on romance, *Love and Limerence*. If you haven't guessed it already, limerence is the ultimate, near obsessional form of romantic love.

Now pay attention to this, Ralph. Here are the telltale signs of limerence: pressure in the chest (literally "heartache"), an acute longing for reciprocation, fear of rejection, drastic mood swings, the growth of passion through adversity, and intrusive thinking about the LO, or "limerent object."

Tennov says the average limerent love affair lasts about two years. In the first wave of passion, the limerent thinks of the LO about 30% of the time, but in the second wave, which hits some months later, it can rise to 100%. The poor limerent is so hooked that nothing matters except the beloved, and feelings swoop between ecstasy and pain. This can be a drawback. You spend much of your time writing letters or diaries; you can't get your work done; all your friends decide you are a bore (mostly because you are). Limerence can strike at almost any age, and men seem to be just as susceptible as women. There's also an edge of violence in limerence. On the basis of an informal survey, Tennov estimates that 11% of limerents have attempted suicide when a love affair has gone badly.

Feminists, if they come down with it, have it worse than anyone else. This is because limerence depends on game playing, coyness, trial balloons and all sorts of other manipulations that the women's movement can't abide. And besides that, Tennov says, limerence tends to re-create the old me-Tarzan-you-Jane sex roles —once the game gets started, a perfectly sensible woman becomes dithery and feebleminded and every spidery little fellow starts pounding around like Mean Joe Greene. And heaven help the woman who takes her limerence problem to a shrink! Tennov thinks that limerence is as likely to break out in psychotherapy (me shrink, you supplicant) as almost anywhere else. This may be why you hear about so many shrinks limerencing their patients. On the other hand, you have to admit that Tennov doesn't much like shrinks. She's the author of *Psychotherapy: The Hazardous Cure*.

I can hear you asking, Ralph, why the limerent picks one person and not another. Some therapists say it's because the LO reawakens an unsolved psychic problem, and seems to offer a solution to it. The beloved, glimpsed across a crowded room, may resemble a parent, grandparent or sibling. Family Therapist Norman Paul of Boston says the beloved "tends to match someone else in your life that you've forgotten about." Tennov thinks the process is far simpler. The limerent scans the field and picks out the most attractive available lover that can reasonably be expected to return one's love.

Most cultures think of the limerent as a bit crazy, but you're in good company, Ralph. Stendhal, Héloïse and Henry VIII were limerent. Lord Byron is the best-known dropout from limerence; after the *Sturm und Drang* with Lady Caroline Lamb, he simmered down. Something worth thinking about, Ralph.

Still, most people probably can't do much about their limerence (or non-limerence). The problems come when a limerent hooks up with a non-limerent, and each tries to guide the other into behavior that does not come naturally. Tennov found that some non-limerents manage to con themselves into thinking they are limerent, just to please a flagrantly limerent LO. Others feel suffocated by the constant demands.

This never works, Ralph, and I must tell you flat out that I am not a limerent. In fact, I am what Tennov calls a "pseudo-limerent nonlimerent." If I were a limerent, believe me, there is no one else I'd rather limer with than you, and I mean that most sincerely. You and I are caught in a world we never made, but in the future limerents and non-limerents will identify themselves at the very start of an affair. Tennov says so right on page 263. Until then, the only thing a limerent can do, if attracted to a non-limerent, is "run like hell" from the word go, she says. Poignantly late for us, I'd say. Have lots of limerence, Ralph, and if you'll just send around a U-Haul, I'll be happy to return your letters.

Sincerely,
Wanda

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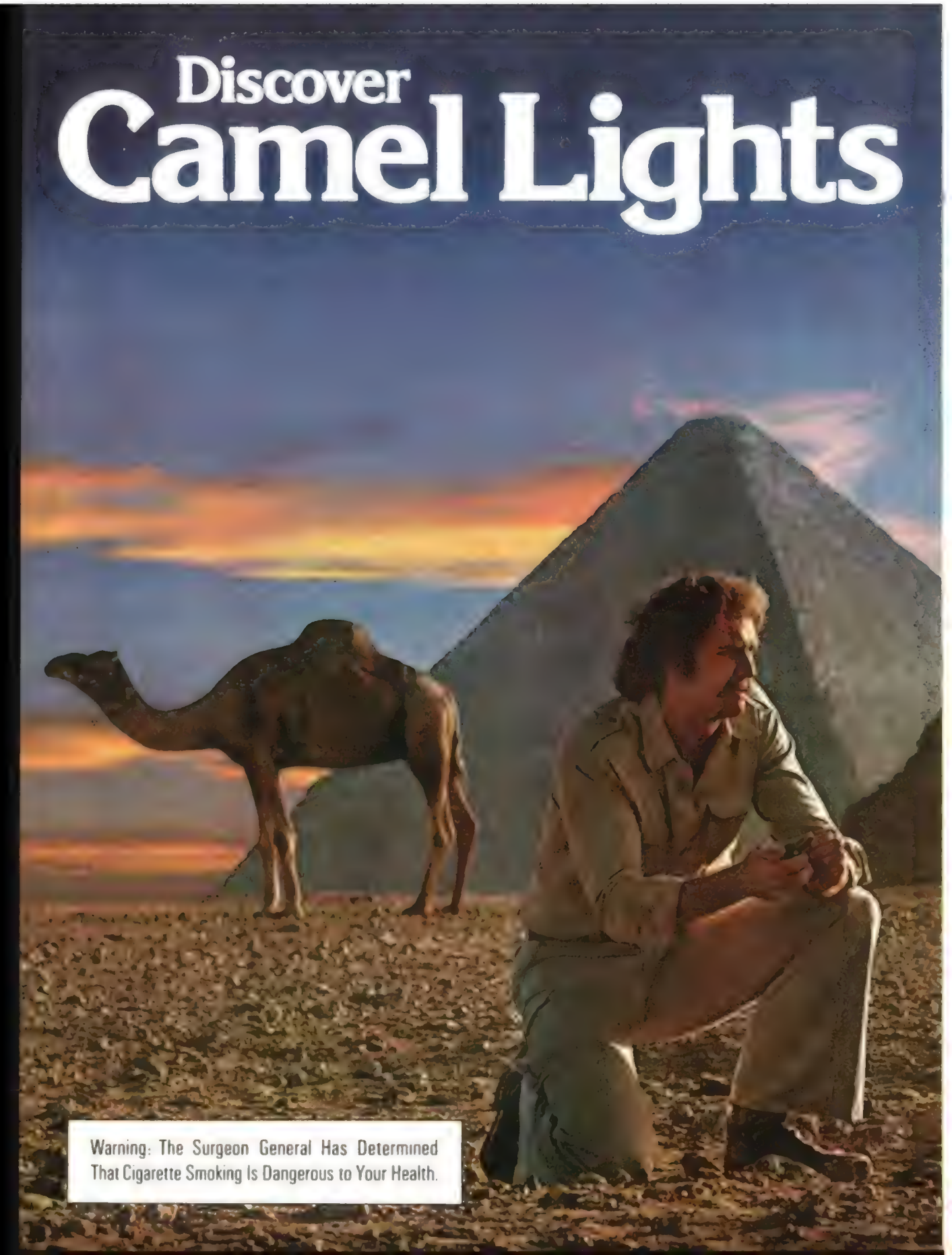
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Super Bowl: A Family Affair

The teams of a patriarch and a widow go for the title

Make no mistake about it. The Pittsburgh Steelers are one big happy family. The team that will try this Sunday to win its fourth Super Bowl is a homegrown crew. No Steeler has ever played for another pro team, and the club is bankrolled by a kindly patriarch and brainrolled by his savvy sons.

Make no bones about it. The Los Angeles Rams are one big battling family. Appearing in their first Super Bowl after 14 years as the league's perennial bridegrooms, the Rams are a motley crew presided over by a beautiful and stubborn widow who fired her stepson, hinted of plans to unload her coach and outraged her players. The Steelers, as befits the defending Super Bowl champions, sailed through their season like a proud flagship; the Rams endured the football equivalent of a voyage on the *Bounty*.

The psychodrama of the Rams began last spring when Owner Carroll Rosenbloom drowned in the surf off the Florida coast. Rosenbloom was a man fiercely determined to have things his way: when he wanted to move to Los Angeles, he simply swapped his Baltimore Colt franchise with then Rams Owner Robert Irsay and also managed to make a tax-free $4.4 million profit on the deal. Going it alone was a quality Rosenbloom taught his son Steve, 35, and his second wife Georgia, 52, who was to become his widow, and therein lay the rub.

Steve, who had started as a youngster picking up wet towels and sweaty uniforms from the Colts' dressing room floor, was left only 6% of the Rams' stock in his father's will, but he also got the power to run the day-to-day operations of the club. Young Steve promptly demoted General Manager Don Klosterman, considered by many experts to be one of the league's shrewdest executives, and put himself in charge of player personnel, picking draft choices and making trades. Widow Georgia, however, inherited 70% of the stock, and, determined to use her clout, started attending Rams workouts. A onetime showgirl, she turned up at training camp in powder blue jogging suits, took a turn at place-kicking and pecked the tobacco-filled cheek of Head Coach Ray Malavasi.

A family fight for power began behind the scenes between Steve and his stepmother, not on the best of terms to begin with. Steve maintains that Georgia held an elaborate wake for his father that appeared to him to look like "a celebration." Said he: "It was sickening. It wasn't my father's style." Steve also claims she was an hour late for the funeral.

The feud got rough just after the exhibition season began. Georgia called her stepson in and, with a lawyer on hand to back her up, fired him. Said Steve later: "I knew the handwriting was on the wall when my father died."

Steve, who has since become general manager of the New Orleans Saints, chose not to sit in the owners' box for the Rams' games. He grew a beard, wore a hat lettered "Mack Trucks" and sat in the stands to watch his old team in action. The players registered their support of Rosenbloom *fils* by calling him into the dressing room to receive a game ball after one exhibition victory and then demanded —and got—a meeting with Mrs. Rosenbloom in which she assured them that their jobs, and those of their coaches, were secure.

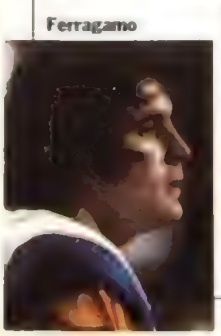
The Rams were undefeated in exhibition games, but disaster struck once the regular season got under way. The Los Angeles roster resembled the casualty list from a 40-car freeway pile-up: 18 of the 45-man squad missed all or part of the season. Quarterback Pat Haden, a Rhodes scholar, broke a finger; Fullback John Cappelletti missed the whole year because of a groin injury; Defensive Tackle Cody Jones sat it out with a torn achilles tendon.

As the team wallowed, rumors began flying that the widow was going to fire Coach Malavasi and bring back George Allen, whom her late husband had fired during the pre-season training in 1978 after sharp policy and personality differences. Recalls Defensive End Fred Dryer: "It was a macabre scenario. We were told at times that George Allen was showing up, that [Coach] Don Shula was on the next plane from Miami. If this was a soap opera, you couldn't make up

Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll

Widow Rosenbloom with Dryer (standing), Charle Young and Cullen Bryant (right)

A season worse than a voyage on the Bounty: *injuries, feuds, firings and a stepson who saw the handwriting on the wall.*



Ferragamo

Bradshaw

a script for it. No one would believe it."

Coach Malavasi survived, barely ("This is the roughest season I've ever been through"), and so did Mrs. Rosenbloom, despite the efforts of the Los Angeles press. The *Times* assigned two newsmen to poke into her past for a month and reported that she had been married five times before wedding the Rams' owner and that her first marriage had been annulled when she was 15½ years old.

With just five games left, the Rams had won five and lost six and appeared on their way to missing the playoffs for the first time in seven years. But some of the walking wounded returned or, as was the case with Linebacker Jack Youngblood, who appeared in two playoff games with a broken left fibula, simply kept on walking. (Youngblood: "I've gotten over the worst of it, which is the *idea* of playing with a broken leg.") The Rams beat their hated rivals, the Dallas Cowboys, 21-19, in one playoff game, then outdueled —some would say outdulled—Tampa Bay for the National Conference title, 9-0.

With Klosterman restored as general manager, Mrs. Rosenbloom is busy overseeing the team's move next season from the Coliseum to Anaheim, 30 miles to the south. No one doubts she is in charge. Says she: "I don't give up; I'm very stubborn. I wish I could laugh at myself at times like this, but I can't. I am just so darned determined."

Mrs. Rosenbloom's determination will be pitted in the Super Bowl against a carefully constructed football team coached by Chuck Noll that may be the finest in the history of the game. The family franchise in Pittsburgh is as peaceful as the Rams' is stormy. Owner Art Rooney Sr., 78, has turned over the operation of the Steelers to his two sons. Dan, 46, team president, runs the business side. Art Jr., 43, is a vice president and the man who has assembled a marvelously balanced team led by Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, 32, who survived his trial by fire when the Steelers were still losers, and became a seasoned, consistent and fiercely competitive team leader.

Bradshaw's oppositive number is Vince Ferragamo, Haden's back-up, who frankly admits: "I'm a young, inexperienced quarterback. I've had to rely heavily on my instincts and earlier training because I haven't had much time to work with my receivers." The strength of the Rams is their defense and their goad is a history of failure ever to reach the Super Bowl. On Sunday the team's many veterans will be trying to make up for a decade of frustration.

It will take some doing. The Steelers, Art Rooney Jr. said last week, "are like the great Yankee teams used to be. The peer pressure is very strong. Just putting on the uniform motivates a player to perform beyond his potential." At week's end, the Steelers were 11-point favorites to keep right on winning. ■

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Medicine

Baby Jones

O.K. for U.S. test-tube clinic

Ever since the birth of Britain's Louise Brown, the world's first test-tube baby, in July 1978, infertile American couples have been clamoring for similar medical miracles on their side of the Atlantic. Now the pleas may be answered. Last week, after a year of acrimonious debate, Virginia became the first state to approve establishment of a center for *in vitro* fertilization.

The clinic, at Norfolk General Hospital, will be directed by Drs. Howard Jones Jr. and Georgeanna Seegar Jones, a well-known husband-and-wife obstetrical and gynecological team, as part of the fertility program at Eastern Virginia Medical School. They will use a variation of the technique developed by British Scientists Patrick Steptoe and Robert Edwards. An egg will be removed, through a small incision in the abdomen, from the ovary of a woman whose fallopian tubes are either hopelessly blocked or too damaged to permit natural fertilization. Then it will be placed in a laboratory dish with the husband's sperm. (Unmarried women are not eligible.) About two days later, the fertilized egg will be inserted into the wife's womb.

Eleven women have already been selected out of 2,500 applicants and begun preliminary tests; 30 more are in the next group waiting for treatment (estimated cost: $3,000 to $4,000). Exulted Jill Schroeder, 31, a Norfolk bookkeeper: "This is an answer to our prayers." Sarah Smith, 33, of Virginia Beach, wept with joy. Said her husband: "It sent chills up and down my spine."

Right-to-lifers are far from pleased. Charles Dean Jr., president of the Tidewater chapter of the Virginia Society for Human Life, which heatedly attacked the clinic proposal at two public hearings, vowed to continue the fight in court. The group contends that *in vitro* fertilization can lead to abortion since flawed embryos will be destroyed before or after implantation. Objections have also been voiced in other quarters. Last week Harvard Biologist Ruth Hubbard, an outspoken feminist, charged that "the push toward this technology reinforces the all-too-prevalent view in our society that women's lives are unfulfilled or indeed worthless unless we bear children." Since so little is known about the consequences of such methods, she said, women and their test-tube babies will be the "guinea pigs of research."

Controversy is sure to continue; several institutes in other states are considering opening similar clinics. Meanwhile the Virginia doctors hope to do their first implant in March. ■

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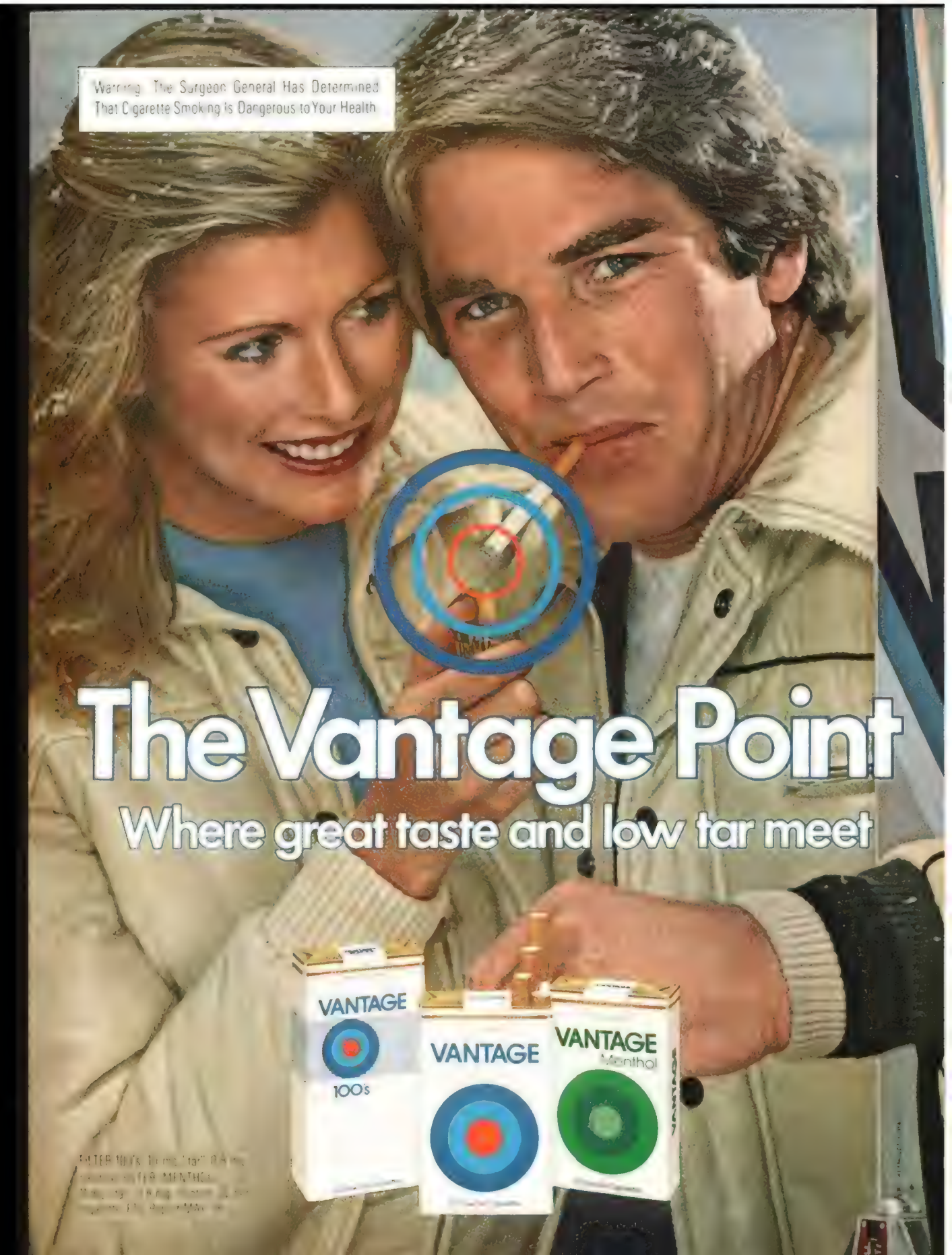
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Who Pays for the Damage?

Pintos, Agent Orange and asbestos await court answers

In a courtroom in Winamac, Ind., last week, former Watergate Prosecutor James F. Neal was asking prospective jurors in his Tennessee drawl what cars they owned and whether they had heard of Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader. When Raymond Schramm responded that a member of his family had a 1976 Pinto, the attorney, now representing the Ford Motor Co., asked him if that might affect his judgment. "I don't think so," Schramm replied. "I used to drive a Corvair."

Though the remark brought guffaws, the basic issue before the court is serious: What is a manufacturer's responsibility when injury results from the use of a product? That question is currently being addressed in a number of potentially far-reaching cases. To date, Ford has been the target of more than 50 civil suits involving allegations that Pintos made from 1971 through 1976 are unusually prone to catching fire when hit from the rear. But in the Indiana trial, the company is facing criminal charges of reckless homicide, the first such action ever brought against an automaker. The makers of Agent Orange, a herbicide used in Viet Nam, are being sued by ex-servicemen who say the chemical caused a variety of ailments. Asbestos producers face enormous claims for diseases caused by their product's dust.

In civil suits involving Pinto crashes, courts have awarded damages as high as $6 million. In the criminal case now being tried, Ford may be fined a maximum of only $30,000 if it is found guilty under the two-year-old Indiana law allowing corporations to be charged with reckless homicide. No jail sentences are threatened because no individual was accused. Yet a guilty verdict could affect the 23 pending civil suits. It could also trigger a rash of criminal charges against other companies involved in product-safety disputes.

The Indiana trial grew out of a 1978 accident involving a 1973 Pinto that was hit from the rear by a van; the Pinto's gas tank burst, flames erupted, and three teen-age girls in the car burned to death. To win his case, Prosecutor Michael Cosentino must prove that 1) the fuel-tank design was extremely dangerous, 2) Ford was aware of that fact but chose not to correct the problem, and 3) the design led to the girls' deaths. The judge is expected to rule this week on the critical question of whether the purported Ford documents that Cosentino has are authentic and therefore admissible evidence.

Ford's lawyers argue that states have no business hearing such cases because the auto industry is federally regulated. Moreover, they say, Ford's cars have met all federal standards and have been on a par with their competitors in safety. The trial probably will last two months.

In the Agent Orange case now being brought in Westbury, N.Y., on behalf of 3,000 ex-servicemen, a veterans group is suing Dow, Monsanto and three other manufacturers of the herbicide. The organization, Agent Orange Victims International, charges that soldiers who came in contact with the herbicide in Viet Nam, where it was sprayed from airplanes to defoliate jungles, have had many resulting maladies, including skin disorders, cancer, sexual dysfunction and birth defects in their offspring. Former Medic John Wood, for example, went blind temporarily. He also fathered two children with birth defects; two daughters born before the war are in perfect health.

The plaintiffs want a portion of the companies' profits to be put into a trust fund whose proceeds would be channeled to those who can prove injury. Although Hyman Herman, one of the group's lawyers, insists, "We're not seeking to bankrupt these companies," the trust fund envisioned would amount to many millions of dollars.

The manufacturers argue that Agent Orange is harmless when properly diluted. Also, the companies now say that if the courts decide Agent Orange did do great harm, the Government should pay the costs, since it was the Pentagon that ordered the special compound and the Air Force that applied it in Viet Nam—and in a higher concentration than the companies recommended. For its part, the Government is likely to rely on a 1950 Supreme Court decision that an on-duty serviceman injured because of negligence by military personnel cannot sue the U.S.

The nation's asbestos makers have tried to get the Government involved in paying the potentially huge bill for treatment of abdominal and lung disease contracted by people who have inhaled asbestos particles. But a federal court in Norfolk has ruled that the companies alone must compensate workers who have contracted diseases after exposure to asbestos in a naval shipyard. If that ruling is followed by other courts, the cost to the industry could be enormous.

OVERTON—THE ELKHART TRUTH

Police at scene after 1978 Indiana crash that led to criminal charges against Ford

Potential fine of only $30,000, but guilty verdict could affect 23 civil suits.

The asbestos manufacturers agree with some legal critics who argue that case-by-case resolution is not the best way to compensate victims. A swifter, simpler alternative, they say, is a "white lung" program patterned after the black-lung program that helps coal miners. A bill before Congress calls for just that—with financing by the asbestos makers and the Federal Government. So far, this bill has made little headway, and at least one industry critic, Dallas Lawyer Frederick M. Baron, argues that that is just as well. Says Baron, who won a fee of more than $1 million in one asbestos suit: "If the manufacturer does something wrong, should the taxpayer bail him out? Should we have a Pinto Act, a Cotton Dust Act, a Benzene Act, a Firestone 500 Act? Where will it all end?" ■

Retreat on the Energy Front

The White House shelves plans for an election-year gasoline tax

With turmoil spreading throughout the oil-rich Middle East, it hardly seems the time to put energy on the back burner. Yet just when Jimmy Carter should be pushing hardest to cut consumption and conserve supplies, he seems to be taking a surprisingly soft approach. Not only has the Administration shelved plans to levy a $5 per bbl. tariff on foreign crude, but it has also backed off from calling for a steep new gasoline tax of perhaps 50¢ a gal. The tax had been urged by John Sawhill, Deputy Secretary of Energy, and supported by Treasury Secretary G. William Miller, Chief Presidential Economist Charles Schultze and James McIntyre, Director of the Office of Management and Budget. But, said a high Administration official last week, "the tax has gone down for the third time."

Instead of building upon the sense of urgency in the nation, top Administration officials are now arguing that no new taxes or tariffs are really needed. Reason: imports have begun to slow, and consumption of gasoline, which accounts for nearly 40% of all U.S. petroleum use, is also declining as steadily rising fuel prices force more and more people to conserve. Says Energy Secretary Charles W. Duncan: "To hold down demand for oil is just about an absolute imperative. For now it is happening in a satisfactory way."

The nation's energy outlook does seem somewhat brighter than it did last autumn, when fears of heating oil shortages and a squeeze on gasoline supplies brought almost daily warnings from the Administration of a looming energy pinch. Increased conservation by homeowners, along with an unseasonably warm winter, have helped to reduce heating oil consumption. It has dropped by at least 10% from last year throughout the Northeast, the region that uses the most fuel. Even more important has been the drop in gasoline use. Last year prices rose 35%, to a current nationwide average of approximately $1.09 per gal. for unleaded regular, and last week several oil companies, including Texaco, Shell and Chevron announced new increases of from 2¢ to 5¢ per gal. As prices have climbed, consumption has slumped to about 95% of 1978's level.

The decline in demand will probably accelerate as the U.S. economy weakens. Though preliminary reports show that the gross national product rose at an unexpectedly strong annual rate of somewhere between 2% and 3% in last year's final quarter, most economists are persuaded that a recession will get under way in the current quarter. Home sales are down and sales of large cars have hit the skids; auto industry layoffs this week will reach 220,000 for the first time since the current sales slump began last autumn, and closings will include Ford's Los Angeles assembly plant.

Inflation is expected to slow, but not by much. Producer prices in December increased at a compounded annual rate

The Big Steal

Now there are certain guys in and around Brooklyn who have been hijacking 3,000-gal. gasoline trucks for a month or so and making themselves a nice piece of change. So far, they have knocked over at least 15 belonging to Texaco, Mobil, Exxon and others. The companies store gasoline and oil in Greenpoint, a factory area in Brooklyn where the barges come up Newtown Creek and unload. The gas is trucked around New York City, and it does not take a genius to know that the trucks all have to take the same main roads.

These guys stand at a stop light where the trucks pass, and when one stops they step up to the driver's side and shove a piece in his ear and tell him to get down on the floor unless he wants his brains blown out. The driver, not being willing to die for dear old Texaco, does what he is told, and a plastic bag is yanked over his head to help keep him quiet. These guys prefer unmarked trucks because, say, a Mobil truck pulling up to an Exxon station might draw the attention of a prowl car. They drive to a friendly gas station, usually an off-brand place where a deal had been prearranged, sort of a hijack-to-order. It is not too shrewd to grab a tank truck and

Texaco trucks with large new logos are

of 10%, down from the 14.9% average of the past five months. Much of the change was caused by an easing in food costs, but economists expect prices to jump right back up again as last month's round of oil price increases begin rippling through the economy.

Because inflation continues to weaken the dollar, members of the OPEC cartel are now actively considering pricing their petroleum not in greenbacks but in a basket of stronger currencies, including West German marks. This would cause demand for those currencies to surge and the dollar to drop. Then, of course, OPEC would argue that the U.S. must pay even more for its oil.

Thus the Administration's stand-pat policy on energy is risky. The reason new initiatives on energy have been put off and perhaps scrapped is not only that Congress showed no willingness to act on them, but also that White House aides, particularly Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat, exhibited a growing fear that bold moves could cost Carter votes in the primaries and in the presidential election. Asserts one Energy Department official: "Energy policy in 1980 is going to be spelled N-o-v-e-m-b-e-r."

Never a strong believer in the effectiveness or fairness of using higher prices to cut consumption, Eizenstat sniped incessantly at the gasoline tax. He managed to derail the proposal just before Christmas, when Carter's improved standing in the polls made the President even less willing than before to take an unpopular position.

In place of a tax, Carter intends to call for authority to impose nationwide gasoline rationing if only a 5% fuel shortage develops, instead of waiting until the shortage becomes a crippling 20%, as the law now requires. This is also a victory for Eizenstat, but there are problems with that plan. Carter's request will have a tough time passing Congress, which set the 20% requirement last year to make rationing only a last-ditch action. Also, details of an emergency rationing plan are not expected to be ready before this autumn. It will contain many exemptions that the public will consider unfair; for example, people with company cars stand to get considerably more gas than ordinary drivers. The sad result of all this: the U.S. has neither a consumption-cutting gasoline tax nor a workable and effective rationing program to fall back on if a shortage suddenly develops.

In addition, the Administration now seems inclined to switch away from its original plan to take all revenues from the oil windfall profits tax and use them for energy development, mass transit, and help for the poor to pay their energy bills. Instead, the idea now is to spend much of the money on a broad range of federal programs. Says a high Administration official: "The tax is going to raise more money than is needed. Our concern now is that the money is not tied up." This change might well incite new debate in Congress over the embattled windfall profits tax and thus delay passage of Carter's energy program. In sum, the present U.S. energy policy depends largely on the voluntary conservation by the American public and a hope that the oil-producing countries will continue their current levels of output without unforeseen interruption. ■

cruise the streets. Anyhow, the gas is pumped out, and the hijackers are handed 50¢ a gal., which is 15 big ones and O.K. for a couple hours' work.

These guys are not from the Mafia. In fact, they are blacks. The field has been left clear to them by the Gambino family, which controls hijacking in Brooklyn but prefers—at least for now—to concentrate on higher-profit Scotch or cameras or fur coats.

TED CORBELL

parked at a fuel depot in Greenpoint, Brooklyn

Things were going pretty good until last week, when 17 Texaco drivers refused to take the trucks out of Greenpoint on account of four had been knocked over already, and one of the drivers was almost killed when the plastic bag over his head started to suffocate him before he could escape. So company bosses said they would put the Texaco logo in letters 17 in. high on its trucks, to replace the small sign on the door of the cab, which was not very noticeable from 50 ft. away. They also promised to think about some other steps like beefing up security and changing the pattern of deliveries, although nobody will start to ride shotgun.

Pretty smart. But these hijackers are not so smart. One of the companies that lost a couple of trucks is believed to be controlled by the Mob. If true, the guys had better hope the cops find them before the Mafia does.

Making the magic brew in Decatur, Ill.

Gasohol Power

Putting corn in the tank

It looked like a practical, patriotic and eminently political solution to the problem of what to do with the grain that Jimmy Carter embargoed. Some of it, pledged the President, would be used for a "massive increase" in domestic production of gasohol. A federally supported program would provide something for almost everyone: more customers for farmers, more fuel for motorists and more protection for the nation from OPEC's oil price increases and supply cuts. But, when the Administration plan to boost the gasoline stretcher was unveiled last week, it looked a lot less than massive and even a bit ill conceived and unrealistic.

The problems lie not with the processing or marketing of the fuel itself. Gasohol is already sold at more than 1,000 gas stations across the country. Since gasohol seems to offer slightly better acceleration in exchange for only fractionally less mileage per gallon, it is also increasingly popular with drivers.

It is simply a mixture of unleaded gasoline and anhydrous ethanol, which is 200-proof, water-free grain alcohol much like the stuff that gives the kick to gin and vodka. In the U.S., the mix is 9 to 1, but in other countries the ethanol content is higher to save even more oil. Brazil, for example, expects all of its citizens to be driving on gasohol with a 4-to-1 mix by the end of 1980, at a saving of about $500 million on its oil import bill. Moonshiners can distill a lower proof ethanol from such materials as corn, sugar cane, potato peelings, even garbage or grass. Says Victor Ray, an alcohol expert at the National Farmers Union: "It is about as complicated as making bread. We tell farmers that if they can-

not do it, their wives certainly can."

The reaction of the oil companies to gasohol remains mixed. Exxon has refused to let its credit card be used to buy gasohol. Texaco, by contrast, is expanding its network of gasohol pumps, from 600 to 1,100 this spring, and is studying a joint project with CPC International, the former Corn Products Refining Company, to make ethanol. The largest manufacturer of the additive, Archer Daniels Midland, has increased annual output at its Decatur, Ill., plant from 5 million to 55 million gal. in less than two years.

But the political promise of gasohol outreaches reality. As prematurely outlined two weeks ago by Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, the Administration program called for about "5 million tons of corn" to be used this year to make "over 500 million gal." of ethanol. That would be enough to displace a little more than one day's worth of oil imports. The present annual U.S. alcohol distilling capacity is only about 80 million gal. and nowhere near enough to consume 5 million tons of corn a year.

The Administration's actual gasohol incentive program aims to boost production and consumption. It defers that annual target of 500 million gal. of ethanol production to 1981. While generous, it falls far short of what some had hoped. It fails to ensure that federal farm policies will provide distillers with enough grain year after year. Instead of big new investment tax credits, it offers would-be distillery builders loans and loan guarantees totaling $300 million a year for ten years.

If Congress approves, the program would also extend to the year 2000 the exemption that gasohol now enjoys from the 4¢ federal tax on each gallon of gasoline. The tax break adds up to 40¢ per gal. of ethanol since there is only 10% alcohol in each gallon of gasohol. The benefit only partly offsets gasohol's cost disadvantage. The wholesale price of a gallon of ethanol can be as much as $1.70 *vs.* about 85¢ for premium unleaded gas; at the pumps, gasohol typically retails for 6¢ to 8¢ more even with the federal tax advantage. Adding together the costs of the new program, the tax breaks and several existing gasohol support programs in place at the Departments of Energy, Commerce and Agriculture and the Small Business Administration, the Administration's entire support package will cost between $8.5 billion and $12.8 billion in the current decade.

Ultimately this energy source stands to succeed. It comes not from OPEC but from the nation's own abundant natural resources. Even if the big distilleries are never built, there is much promise and fast growing interest in the fuel self-sufficiency that could stem from cellar and barnyard do-it-yourself stills. The ethanol they produce could be mixed with gasoline and used to fuel private autos and tractors. ■

Strategic Metals, Critical Choices

Worries over dependence on dubious suppliers

The rising use of trade sanctions around the world has demonstrated how economic warfare is now diplomacy by other means. Since 1973 oil producers have openly used their petroleum weapon to further their Middle East political objectives. Last year Nigeria introduced natural resources trade-offs by threatening to cut oil exports to the U.S. if the Carter Administration lifted the American boycott on chrome imports from racially troubled Zimbabwe Rhodesia. Both the possibility of other OPEC-type raw material cartels and Soviet economic retaliation against the U.S. have begun to worry the experts. Warns Harry J. Gray, chairman of United Technologies: "The minerals situation is similar to oil. Without an intelligent national minerals policy now, we will become increasingly vulnerable."

The U.S. is already alarmingly dependent on imports for many of its most critical industrial raw materials. In all, 98% of America's manganese, 97% of its cobalt, 93% of its aluminum and 91% of its chromium come from foreign ores. More than 50% of its tin, nickel, zinc and tungsten ores are also imported. The supply of several of these materials is susceptible to interruption because they come from either the Soviet Union or from unstable southern African nations that suffer serious internal troubles. The most important minerals include:

Cobalt. A white metal used in jet aircraft engines as well as mining and machine-tool bits, cobalt is supplied mainly by Zaïre, which has 65% of the non-Communist world's reserves. Recurrent civil wars over the past three years have kept the price dancing between $6.40 and $50 per lb. Other producers include the U.S.S.R. and Cuba. Reports Charles River Associates, a consulting firm in Boston: "The cobalt situation is one of the most serious problems facing consumers of critical materials today."

Manganese. The Soviet Union and South Africa provide more than 60% of the world's supply of this metal, which is essential in steel production. Australia is a major exporter, but its potential for expansion is limited. Other non-Communist exporters, such as Brazil and Gabon, have either declining exports or unstable internal politics. The Boston consultants call the manganese situation "a cause for some concern" because the possibility of finding substitutes is "extremely limited."

Chromium. The major deposits of this material, used in stainless steel, ball bearings and surgical equipment, are in South Africa, Zimbabwe Rhodesia and the Soviet Union. Says Allen G. Gray, technical director of the American Society of Metals: "A cutoff of our chromium supply could be even more serious than a cutoff of our oil supply. We do have some oil, but we have almost no chromium."

Titanium. As strong as steel but 45% lighter, this metal suddenly became scarce around the world early last year, after the Soviet Union, the largest supplier of titanium "sponge," the semiprocessed metal, abruptly stopped signing new export contracts. Military experts speculate that the Soviets have diverted their normal 3,500 tons of exports to the construction of many submarines and aircraft. Since the metal is used extensively in high-performance jets, missiles and nuclear plants, U.S. and European aerospace companies have been scrambling to buy the remaining titanium sponge produced by Japan, Britain and China. As a result, since last March prices in Europe have jumped from $3.98 to $25 per lb.

Ever since oil-exporting countries showed how to run up prices by banding together, other developing countries have dreamed of emulating OPEC's success. Discussions have been held about forming cartels to cover commodities as varied as coconut oil, copper and phosphate rock. Such Xerox copies of OPEC have almost

universally failed because of easily available substitute products or the unwillingness of would-be cartel members to cut production enough to maintain high prices. The copper exporting organization, for example, was weakened when industrial users began replacing that metal with plastics and aluminum, and effectively collapsed when the last recession produced a worldwide copper glut. The danger of other cartels remains remote —for now. Even so, individual nations may be moved to reduce exports, and those actions could severely tighten supplies and send prices surging.

The American dependence has focused attention on the size of current stockpiles and the feasibility of developing new domestic sources. Since World War II the Government has maintained strategic stockpiles of 93 key materials, including tin, copper and titanium, for use in a national emergency. Some are critically low. Only 32,000 tons of titanium are stockpiled, far below the 130,000-ton goal. Cobalt reserves are 22,000 tons short of the 43,000-ton target.

Though no modern industrial nation can be a totally self-sufficient island, the U.S. has little choice except to build safe stockpiles of those essential materials, such as chromium and manganese, that are found in quantity in only a few countries. The mineral-rich American West, Alaska and the oceans bordering the U.S. contain vast unmined natural resources that hold the longer-term promise of more domestic sufficiency and security. These minerals often remain in the ground or under water because of ecological concerns or the higher profits that firms can earn abroad. Steep mining taxes in Minnesota, Montana and other states have also discouraged digging. Geologists have singled out 40,000 acres of federal land in Idaho as a possible source of cobalt. Yet last November the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee designated 2.2 million acres surrounding the site as a wilderness preserve, and banned any commercial activity that would disturb the elk, bighorn sheep and 188 other species that inhabit the area.

Of course, companies can do more to develop secondary and tertiary sources, many of which will become both economically feasible and absolutely necessary as conventional minerals become costlier in the 1980s. For example, the U.S. imports 93% of its bauxite, the major aluminum ore, but the Bureau of Mines is experimenting with a process to extract alumina from clays found in Georgia and Arkansas. More experiments, more domestic mining and some compromises on the environmental front would help avoid repetition of the oil saga of the 1960s and 1970s, when the U.S. became needlessly overdependent on dubious foreign suppliers. In an era of growing economic confrontation, increasing reliance on imported minerals creates a potentially dangerous breach in the nation's defenses. ■

Demonstrating RCA's SelectaVision player

Disc Wars

CBS allies with RCA

The consumer electronics business has produced some fierce marketing wars, but none is likely to be quite so cutthroat as the struggle that is starting for control of the video-disc industry. Video-disc players look much like any stereo deck, but, plugged into a TV, they play prerecorded movies, sports events, opera, sitcoms and documentaries. They promise to advance significantly the cause of viewers' lib, giving TV addicts freedom to watch what they want when they want to watch it.

The big U.S. competitors, RCA and Magnavox, are battling for the new market and for partners to adopt their totally different technologies. Last week RCA, the parent of NBC, signed a major deal with its TV network rival, CBS. It was one of the rare times that the two giant entertainment and electronic companies have cooperated in an important way.

Using RCA SelectaVision technology under a license, CBS will manufacture discs to be played on RCA machines. This will give CBS, the nation's largest record maker, entry into the business. RCA will win not only royalty fees but also the support of CBS, which spent months looking at the systems of both video-disc competitors. Now CBS's library of programs will be available to owners of RCA machines.

In addition, RCA has signed licensing agreements with nearly 20 Japanese and European companies, including Plessey in Britain and Matsushita in Japan. Of course, Magnavox, a subsidiary of North American Philips, has not been idle. Sony has a license to use Magnavox's video-disc technology, and the U.S. company also has a longstanding deal with MCA, the parent of Universal Pictures, to make its discs.

Both RCA and Magnavox accept that only one of them can win. Their technologies are so dissimilar that the discs of one cannot be played on the other's machine. Just as the 33⅓-r.p.m. audio record won out over the 45-r.p.m., ultimately one company will dominate the market. While RCA essentially uses a phonograph-like needle to "read" its discs, Magnavox uses an optical laser. Magnavox machines offer more features, such as stereo sound, freeze frame, slow motion and reverse viewing. Partly because of its advanced technology, Magnavox's players are likely to be more expensive: they list for $775, *vs.* RCA's expected $500 or less.

Magnavox players are already on sale in Atlanta, Seattle and Dallas, and the company hopes to be selling coast to coast by early 1981. RCA has not sold a single unit yet, but is aiming for nationwide launch at about the same time. The stakes will be high. Every one of the 72 million U.S. homes that now have TV sets is a potential customer for a video-disc system. On an estimated 30% to 50% penetration of that market by the end of the decade, RCA projects industry annual sales of 5 million to 6 million players and 200 to 250 million discs. Potential total revenues: more than $7.5 billion a year. ■

Wheels Deal

Chrysler's daring guarantee

If Brigham Young were alive today, he might want to trade in his covered wagon for a shiny new Chrysler. At least that is the hope of company officials, who this week kick off a test campaign in northern Utah that promises an unheard-of money-back guarantee if buyers are not satisfied with any 1980 model Chrysler Corp. car or small truck. Anybody who meets normal credit tests can make a down payment, take home a new Chrysler vehicle for 30 days and, if not fully satisfied, return it. He will then get back his down payment, the cash value of any used car that he might have traded in, plus any fees that he paid for the title.

This may seem like an open invitation for a sharpie to have the free use of a new car for 30 days. Probably the Salt Lake City metropolitan area was chosen for the test because its heavily Mormon population has a reputation for stability and honesty. Another safeguard is that dealers may turn down sales to prospects who look chancy. Losses from returns will be borne mostly by the dealers, not the company. Chrysler will test the program for a month, then decide whether to continue and expand it to other areas.

Detroit competitors are skeptical. American Motors President W. Paul Tippett Jr. says that if there are many returns, the losses could be "staggering." But, he adds about Chrysler: "I admire that they're trying to do different things. One of the things that we in Detroit are not is unconventional."

Chrysler has tried several unconven-

tional ideas. In 1976 it gave the first rebates of modern times to customers, and it repeated the rebates last year. In Kansas City and Cincinnati last month it began dispensing checks of $50 and $25 respectively to anyone who first test drives a Chrysler product and then buys a car —any car, even a Chevrolet. The promotions all aim to get the potential buyer behind the wheel of a Chrysler. Once he is there, asserts Vice President John R. Givens, there is a better-than-even chance that he will buy one of the company's cars. Certainly Chrysler is beginning to benefit from the credibility it gained after Congress passed the federal loan guarantee on Dec. 21. From that day through Dec. 30, Chrysler's sales jumped 71% over the previous ten-day period. ■

Pix in a Fix

Silver costs hit film users

Camera buffs may continue urging subjects to "Smile," but there probably will be little smiling on the other side of the shutter. Reacting to the rise in the price of silver from $6 per oz. to a high of $41.50 over the past year, Kodak last week announced increases of up to 75% on its whole line of film products. A twelve-exposure cassette of Kodacolor II, for example, went from $1.86 to $2.15, and a 36-picture roll of Kodachrome slides jumped from $4.40 to $5.29. The steepest increases were for graphic arts films and photo typesetting paper used by newspapers. Du Pont, a manufacturer of X-ray and industrial films, has raised its prices by as much as 80% in the past year. Polaroid boosted prices 6% earlier this month and said it was considering further increases. Polaroid is fortunate because its instant film uses less silver than other companies' conventional film products do.

Kodak is experimenting with ways to reduce the silver content of film, but scientists have yet to find any other material as sensitive to light. With black and white film, the image is etched into grains of silver salts coated on the thin piece of plastic. Silver also captures the original image for color pictures, but is later replaced by colored dyes during development. Nonsilver film is being manufactured, though it is used primarily for slow-exposure microfilm. In all, the photo industry accounts for nearly half of the 160 million oz. of silver that the nation consumes annually.

While waiting and hoping for silver prices to decline, Kodak has stepped up its recycling procedures. The company already recovers 20 million oz. of the metal a year in processing amateur film and in scrap from its manufacturing operations. Even the silver that is punched out to make the tiny sprocket holes on 35-mm and home-movie film is meticulously collected and used again. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Climbing that First Job Rung

Because he teaches at Temple University, just eight scabrous blocks from where he was raised as the son of a housemaid and a man who left when the boy was three, Walter Williams jokes that he never really broke out of the Philadelphia slums. As a kid, he drifted. He determined to make something of himself only when he was leaving the Army. Married, broke and 25, Williams drove a Yellow Cab, saved some money, went to California and invested the next ten years in study. "When I first attempted the written exam for a Ph.D. in economics at U.C.L.A., 17 people took it, and 15 flunked. I was among the 15." Williams earned his doctorate the second time around. Says he: "I'm glad that I got most of my education before it became fashionable for white people to give special treatment to black people."

An authority on blacks and jobs, Economist Williams, 43, is much in demand to write articles, give speeches, testify before Congress. The New Year finds him depressed, for a particular reason: on Jan. 1 the federal minimum wage went up from $2.90 to $3.10 an hour. In Williams' view, the rising minimum guarantees maximum unemployment for the young and unskilled, particularly blacks.

Almost all economists agree that hundreds of thousands of people cannot land jobs because their work is not worth the minimum wage. Williams calculates that this year's 7% increase in the minimum wage will cause unemployment among low-skilled black teen-agers to rise from 35% to at least 40%. He sees evidence all around: "How else do you explain the massive change from waiter service to self-service in restaurants? How else do you explain the absence of ushers in movies and youngsters at supermarkets to take your bags to the car? We have cut the bottom rungs off the economic ladder, and the consequence is that for the first time in U.S. history, we have developed a permanent welfare class."

BALOI MARCO JR.

Minimum Wage Critic Williams

At very least, says Williams, the wage law should be amended to provide youth differential, allowing employers to pay people under 20 less than the federal minimum. This would create no hardship because almost all people on the minimum wage are unmarried or part-time employees; no more than one-half of 1% are responsible for supporting a family.

More heretically, Williams believes that "child labor laws should be re-examined. Back in the 1930s, they protected young people from working in cold and damp or dangerous mines. Today these same laws protect them from working in air-conditioned offices. If a 14-year-old is not benefiting from school, perhaps he should be allowed to leave and get work in a car wash. Perhaps then he will discover he cannot get ahead without an education, and that lesson in life will motivate him to return to school."

Williams also favors adopting the European-style apprentice system, in which young people work at relatively low wages for several years as assistants to skilled plumbers, carpenters or other craftsmen, learning their trade. Another way to help minorities onto that crucial first rung of the career ladder would be to ease or eliminate state licensing laws that keep many occupations tight and closed. Williams is appalled that "roughly 600 occupations are licensed in the U.S. In some states you need a license to be a cosmetologist or a landscaper. To become a commercial photographer in Texas, you need a negative Wassermann test." Says Williams: "Our founding fathers thought that a man had a right to practice his trade without going to the feudal lord or the king to ask permission. But we have built the same system that our founding fathers sought to escape."

In sum, Government has passed many laws designed to help the lowest-skilled worker but has actually hurt him. Says Williams: "The whole process was aptly described in the play *Green Pastures*. God remarks to the angels, 'That's always the trouble with miracles. When you pass one, you always gotta r'ar back and pass another.' " What is required is less miracle-making legislation. Or, as Williams puts it, "Black people do not need any special programs. All they need is for Government to get off their backs."

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Education

Favorite Son

Columbia hails a new chief

For Columbia University the 1970s ended better than they began. The decade saw the campus marred by student antiwar protests and disputes with tenant neighbors in Morningside Heights. The university's cumulative deficit rose to a crunching $87.2 million, while the need for more space grew and reliance on federal dollars became burdensome. Some promising students and scholars shunned the Ivy League campus, and just talk of sharing the faculties of Columbia and Barnard colleges provoked anxiety at the distinguished sister school across the street.

Under the skillful presidency of William J. McGill, the future of the nation's 5th oldest degree-granting school (founded in 1754) has lately seemed brighter: the budget is balanced, the campus is peaceful, and renovations of facilities are under way. Now the trustees are determined that the healing process continue into the 1980s. Last week, after screening 700 candidates, Columbia chose a favorite son ideally equipped for the task: Michael I. Sovern, 48, provost and former dean of Columbia's School of Law, who will become the university's 17th president when McGill retires on July 1.

Michael Sovern

A gifted lawyer and labor mediator, Sovern made his mark on Morningside Heights in 1968 when he used reason to calm a divided faculty and helped establish a democratic campus senate. He has shown similar peacemaking skills in helping to settle New York City's strikes; for 14 years he has also served as consultant to TIME's Law section. Born in The Bronx, Sovern attended the Bronx High School of Science, took both his B.A. and law degrees at Columbia as a scholarship student and at 28 became the youngest full professor in the school's history. He and his wife Joan, a sculptor, live in Manhattan; they have six children by previous marriages.

Urbane, open-minded and endowed with a joshing good humor, Sovern calls himself a subscriber to the "broad approach to liberal arts study," and hopes to build on it. Does that mean imposing some new credo or curriculum on the university? "Wise presidents do not impose," he says, in a lesson on mediation. "They encourage." ■

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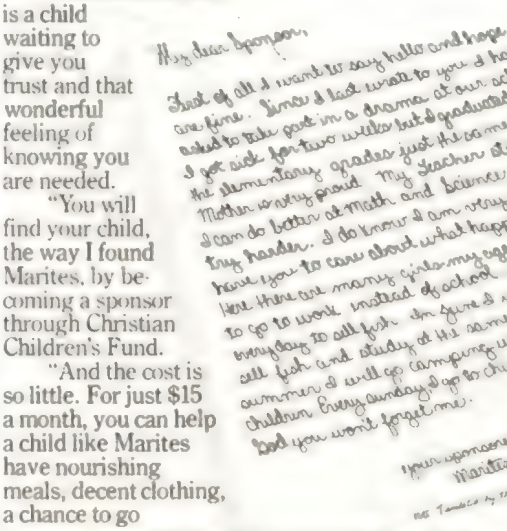

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Hollywood Goes to War

The stars are coming out to sue the National Enquirer

Tucked among the usual news of miracle diets and life after death in the Oct. 18, 1977, *National Enquirer* was an intriguing report from the world of show business: "Ed McMahon abruptly knocked over his chair and bumped into tables at a Rome restaurant as he made a mad scramble for the door. Ready Eddie wanted to introduce himself to a stunning 6-foot 2-inch black model, Ajita Wilson, who was about to leave."

The only trouble, McMahon later insisted, was that he had not been in Rome in four years. He demanded a retraction but instead got sizzled again in a subsequent issue: "Big Ed McMahon is looking younger following a restful vacation in Europe—the *Tonight Show* announcer secretly treated himself to a facial snip-and-tuck on the trip." Completely false, McMahon complained. After that salvo, he filed a $2.5 million libel suit against the tabloid. Says he: "The suit is really a statement: Enough is enough. How many more lies are they going to print about [entertainers]? Somebody has got to be responsible."

Other show-biz personalities are reaching the same conclusion. Phil Silvers and Paul Lynde sued late last year, and Carol Burnett, Shirley Jones and Rory Calhoun have libel actions pending. For years Hollywood pressagents have played footsie with the *Enquirer;* some even stooped to passing along dirt about stars. Their aim: favorable publicity for their own clients. Marty Ingels, Jones' husband and co-plaintiff, was a frequent *Enquirer* source. But now Ingels seems eager to foment an uprising against this tawdry symbiosis: "I want to attract other victims out of the closet."

Owner-Publisher Generoso Pope Jr.

Putting back the old pizazz.

The flurry of lawsuits comes at a time when the *Enquirer* is trying to recapture lost gusto. The paper abandoned its notorious I-Ate-My-Baby emphasis on gore and shock years ago, mainly to become salable at food stores and other family shopping haunts (the *Enquirer* boasts that it is now in every U.S. supermarket). After CBS's *60 Minutes* ran a scorching story in 1976 questioning *Enquirer* reporting methods, the paper set up an elaborate research and fact-checking staff, now numbering 22, at its Lantana, Fla., headquarters. Among its rules: gossip items require two independent sources, and all interviews must be recorded on tape so quotes can be verified.

Meanwhile, the competition was coming on strong: the *Star,* a tabloid launched in 1974 by Australian Publisher Rupert Murdoch, came up with a smart new design, four-color printing and a $6 million advertising blitz. The *Star's* circulation rose from 1 million to 3 million while the *Enquirer* dropped from a peak of 5.9 million in 1978 to 5 million. *Enquirer* Owner and Publisher Generoso Pope Jr. belatedly introduced color printing last year and reportedly got the word out to staffers to put the old pizazz back into their stories. Recalls a former reporter: "He reminded the editors about the importance of being accurate, but everyone knew he couldn't stand the research department."

The result is a breathless blend of thrills ("Murder by Cancer—A Bizarre Plot That Killed 2 and Doomed 3 Others"), chills ("CHiPs Star Erik Estrada: I Left My Body After My Motorcycle Crash") and practical, if occasionally farfetched, advice ("Secret of Lifelong Youth Discovered, Claims Scientist"). Most celebrities get good-guy treatment—young actors on the rise and show-biz legends like Bob Hope are particular favorites—but the paper is always on the lookout for a sharp edge. Burnett, whose lawsuit is scheduled to go to trial next month, disputes an article that had her arguing loudly with Henry Kissinger in a Washington restaurant, then giggling when she knocked a glass of wine over another diner. Says her attorney, Barry Langsberg: "She was in the restaurant and so was Kissinger, and they were introduced by a mutual friend. But somebody just made up the rest of the story."

Reporters at the *Enquirer* are generously paid: some start at $35,000, and the paper's 5,000 part-time correspondents receive up to $500 for a cover tip and $1,000 for a cover photo. In return, they are expected to bring in stories that other journalists cannot or will not touch. Says Sue Reilly, a PEOPLE magazine reporter in Los Angeles who worked four months at the *Enquirer:* "When I told them I wouldn't stake out Ali MacGraw's kid's school for a story,

Hitting a Magazine Trifecta

Standing in a row, they look prim, proper and more than a little abashed, like three Palm Beach socialites turning up in the same Pucci. In their January issues, the *Smithsonian, Scientific American* and *National Geographic* all appeared with cover photos showing a volcano erupting on Jupiter's moon Io. Though having look-alike covers is an editor's nightmare that all too frequently comes true, the science magazines' trifecta was an interplanetary long shot. The picture is a computer composite of images radioed to earth by Voyager 1 last March. The three monthlies (total circ. 12,750,000) all sent their covers to press many weeks ago, and the editors say they are not in a lava over the coincidence. Says the *Smithsonian's* Don Moser: "It just confirms our good judgment." Confirmation does not end at home: China's *Ziran Zazhi* (Nature) magazine also ran the same cover—on its December issue.

an editor told me, 'We bought you, so shut up.' "

The pressure to produce has led some *Enquirer* staffers to misrepresent themselves or their publication to gain access to people or places. One reporter tried to pass herself off as a tourist with a broken-down car when she went to see Warren Beatty in late 1978, hoping to find out if he planned to marry Diane Keaton. (He was not fooled and refused to answer her questions.) More invidious are the payoffs that have long been a part of gossip journalism. Typically, a bartender or maître d' will be paid $25 to $50 for a story tip, and a publicity agent or someone else in the know will get a couple of hundred dollars for confirmation. Says Paul Corkery, a former *Enquirer* reporter and now an editor at the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner:* "One thing I liked is that it is the last refuge of scoundrels. You do anything to get the story."

The *Enquirer's* checkers attempt to be especially careful about medical and technical subjects, but even in these areas there is a temptation not to research a choice tale to death. Last month the paper reported: "A young woman was apparently made pregnant by a flying bullet —which tore off the testicle of a Civil War soldier and then passed through her abdomen!" Many celebrity stories are also difficult to verify. Admits Chief of Research Ruth Annan: "Gossip is gossip." Critics argue that at the *Enquirer,* getting sources is just a matter of finding some informant to say what the paper wants to hear. "It's worth a lawsuit just to find out who the insider is," says Lynde, who is suing the paper for reporting last fall that excessive drinking had caused him to collapse and that he was forced off the television show *Hollywood Squares* (Lynde says he quit to pursue other options).

The *Enquirer* maintains that it has not lost a major lawsuit in the three years since the research department was set up. "We can't afford to touch an iffy story," says Dick Allison, assistant to the president. "If it doesn't pass the lawyers, we don't run it." Adds an *Enquirer* freelancer: "Ninety percent of our stories are true. They may be defamatory, but they're accurate."

Win or lose, the entertainers suing the *Enquirer* say they want to make the paper less sensational and thus less destructive. Back in the 1950s, lawsuits by Actor Robert Mitchum and Heiress Doris Duke helped force *Confidential* magazine to stop printing its unsupportable exposés; circulation plunged from 4.1 million to 300,000, and the scandal sheet folded. A similar collapse by the *Enquirer* is highly improbable, but the celebrities feel it is time to make a stand. Says Calhoun, who charges that the paper erred last September in reporting that he had cancer: "It's such a tacky little rag the wonder of it is that anyone takes it seriously. [But] it appears you can fool enough of the people enough of the time to destroy careers, lives and reputations." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Trial by Interview

One price of being a public figure is to be pursued by a persistent journalist demanding private interviews for a full personality study. Dare the public figure refuse? Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's National Security Adviser, tried and got the treatment. Sally Quinn's three-part series in the Washington *Post* damaged Brzezinski in passing, but it damaged the *Post* even more.

The *Post* is one of the nation's best papers, though nowadays it often seems excessively bent on topping its Watergate success. That may explain the Brzezinski lapse. It didn't help when Executive Editor Ben Bradlee (who is married to Quinn) had to run a box saying it wasn't true that Brzezinski had unzipped his fly in front of a female reporter. Quinn had written this on the basis of a vague recollection, without bothering to recheck. The Charlotte *Observer* was outraged: "Such errors raise questions about the newspaper's motives as well as its competence." The *Post* felt obliged to run a letter from nine former members of Brzezinski's staff disputing Quinn's assertion that he had singularly failed to "inspire loyalty or affection or admiration in some group, no matter how small."

Sally Quinn

Quinn began and ended her series by saying that Brzezinski would consent to be interviewed only if she would move in with him while his wife was away for a few weeks. Brzezinski is generally regarded as a happily married square with an unfortunate taste for jocular banter of the kind that Henry Kissinger, the "secret swinger," used to affect, as if being considered sexy improved on the dour image of being brainy. But reporters always have the advantage: their account of any conversation is what gets printed. Quinn's friends probably put it down as jocular banter when she herself was quoted as having "had to promise my body over and over to the higher-ups" to get an interview with the Shah's wife. But in a book she wrote called *We're Going to Make You a Star,* Quinn says that her well-publicized failure to make it as an anchorwoman competing with Barbara Walters was mostly the fault of a top CBS producer, whom she names, because she refused to sleep with him. Did Quinn think Brzezinski was making a serious proposal to her? She now says, "Well, I don't know frankly. The first time he said it I was really shocked. I laughed nervously and tried to change the subject. The second time I thought it a clumsy joke."

Brzezinski got burned by refusing to be interviewed. More intriguing is why public figures consent to see reporters famous for making their subjects look bad. Are they challenged by thinking they're clever enough to be an exception? "The stupidest thing" he did, Kissinger has said, was the 1972 interview he gave Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci, attributing his popularity to his being "the cowboy who rides all alone into the town . . . and does everything by himself." Fallaci, tough and intelligent, is the best interviewer around, if interviews are judged (as journalists usually judge them) not by whether the subject got across what he wanted to say, but by whether he had been goaded into more interesting—and presumably more revealing—candor. In *Interview with History,* Fallaci remembers Kissinger as "an eel icier than ice" and says, "I swear that I will never understand why he agreed to see me." Ayatullah Khomeini may have agreed to see her because she had been so rough on the Shah ("Let's get back to you, Majesty. So intransigent, so harsh, maybe even ruthless, behind that sad face"). Fallaci wore a floor-length black chador to interview the Ayatullah, then, getting angry, dramatically announced, "I'm going to take off this stupid medieval rag right now." She told Libya's dictator, Colonel Gaddafi, that she was going to conduct a "kind of trial" of him to find out "why you are so little liked in the world." She says of herself: "I make scenes, I yell and scream." As the Anna Magnani of interviewers, she gets memorable quotes.

Oriana Fallaci

But what gives her the right, and the audacity, to assault the powerful? She interviews "with a thousand feelings of rage," she writes, hoping to understand "in what way, by being in power or opposing it, those people determine our destiny." She is convinced they are "not really better than ourselves; they are neither more intelligent nor stronger nor more enlightened."

Leaders now safely dead, like Napoleon or Frederick the Great or George Washington, never had to cope with such a phenomenon, which may be one reason why contemporary political leaders often seem so small.

Cinema

Decent Try

CHAPTER TWO
Directed by Robert Moore
Screenplay by Neil Simon

One of the clichés that can be set aside is Scott Fitzgerald's notion that American lives lack second acts. We have become a nation of second-acters (or should it be actors?). Everyone seems to be scurrying about trying to re-create himself at least once before his final scene.

Neil Simon's screen adaptation of his Broadway success *Chapter Two* takes this touching phenomenon seriously. Simon's central characters, a newly widowed writer (James Caan) and a newly divorced actress (Marsha Mason), snap zingers at each other during a wary meeting, a breathless courtship and a marriage that almost fails before it gets started, conforming to the theatrical convention Simon has created for himself. But they have the good grace to be self-conscious about their verbal twitchiness. They understand there are more important matters at stake here. As a result, the movie is rather blurred—an owlish comedy, as it were. Yet, if Simon still does not quite trust himself to express his feelings fully, *Chapter Two* remains thought provoking.

Simon's most interesting theme is the accelerated pace of emotional lives today. These seem not to move to natural rhythms but at the speeds of the media, where the compulsion for at least one new sensation a week hinders the sensible sorting out of the significant from the trivial. Simon's lovers understand that they cannot stay the rush of their feelings: lives are so crowded, things pile up so rapidly that there is a compulsion to lurch after possibilities that might otherwise be explored more thoughtfully.

Caan's character particularly needs more time to digest the loss of his wife. His guilty anger and depression impose terrible requirements of patience on his new love after she has committed herself to the more cheerful persona he originally showed her. Simon, of course, is writing autobiographically here; Marsha Mason, now Mrs. Simon, is playing at least a version of herself in this film. This speaks well of everyone's bravery; Mason's speech accepting the notion that she is worthy of love and encouraging her new husband to embrace a similar self-acceptance is truly moving.

The flexibility of the screen allows Simon to integrate more smoothly than he did onstage a broadly comic subplot in which Joe Bologna, playing a brother, and Valerie Harper, as a best friend, fail to have an extramarital affair. Simon does not think much of those; commitments are the basis for the order he believes to be a personal and social necessity.

Mason as divorcee in *Chapter Two*

Verbal twitches in a blurred comedy.

In short, there is an old-fashioned man beneath the smart patter of Simon's dialogue. Moore has given his work a flat, old-fashioned production. And although Mason and Caan are agreeable people, they (and Moore) seem not quite up to the large emotions the film's dark second half requires them to express. Everything is a little too gingerly. In the end, the film must be judged as muted, likable, not all it might have been, but a nice—and terribly decent—try. — ***Richard Schickel***

Cat Catcher

THE JERK
Directed by Carl Reiner
Screenplay by Steve Martin, Carl Gottlieb and Michael Elias

A man who invents a completely new perversion at this stage in humanity's march to glory must be held in deepest respect. Comedian Steve Martin managed the trick in his second record album, *A Wild and Crazy Guy*. He had heard about these absolutely disgusting exhibitions that were being held in Mexico, he said. Cat juggling. "They take the little kitties . . ." It is funny, because it calls to mind a bizarre vision of serious cats slashing at a demented Mexican juggler, while an audience of gringo tourists giggles obscenely. The cruelty that would be involved in actually juggling cats is not offensive, partly because Martin mutes it by hysterically expressing his own disgust.

There's a cat-juggling scene in *The Jerk*, the first movie in which Martin has starred, and although it is a direct cinematic translation of the record album sketch, it does not work very well. The kittens used by the juggler (a gent listed in the credits as Pig Eye Jackson) seem pretty confused, and they don't do much ex-

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Cinema

cept twist a little in the air. Martin expresses his ambivalent disgust, but since he helped write the screenplay, and since real kittens, no doubt much confused, must have been used to film the sequence, the moviegoer feels somewhat ambivalent himself. If the scene is not actually sick, it is at least somewhat indisposed.

The Jerk will not drive away any Steve Martin fans, but neither is it likely to convert many unbelievers. Its humor is successful and unsuccessful by turns, and although Comedian Carl Reiner is the director, the instinct here is to give most of both credit and blame to Martin. The basic idea is clever: Martin is cast as the loving, beloved adopted son of a family of black sharecroppers. He is dumb as cowflop and hopeless at foot shufflin' and finger snappin', but he tries hard. When he is ready to go out into the big world and his black mother (Mabel King) tells him that he was adopted, he is horrified: "You mean I'm gonna stay this color?"

On his way to fame and fortune he has goofy romantic collisions with a couple of formidable and very amusing ladies, a mean, mean carnival motorcyclist (Catlin Adams), who beats him up, and a virtuous cosmetologist (Bernadette Peters), who plays cornet solos to express her love. He makes and loses a great pile of money, and eventually is rescued from drunken bumdom by his black parents, who are now rich from the money he has been sending home. The rube role works fairly well when Martin remembers to play a harmless nitwit of the Jerry Lewis variety. But that really is not his kind of humor. During most of this film he is way out of character (so is his rough language). He does not impersonate a rube or a lovable nitwit; his twitchy, leering mug is that of a loony who may be dangerously mad, a secret aficionado of cat juggling whose gift is for making audiences laugh uneasily. That is to say that he is, approximately, a white Richard Pryor, and how about casting the two of them together in a remake of *The Prince and the Pauper*? — **John Skow**

Martin emoting in *The Jerk*

If not sick, somewhat indisposed

Bedrock Taboo

STAY AS YOU ARE
Directed by Alberto Lattuada
Screenplay by Alberto Lattuada and Enrico Oldoini

Romantic fictions depend on difficulty. Something has to keep the lovers apart for a while to build suspense and the audience's sympathy before they can get together. And, of course, there has to be something to sunder them at the end. But nowadays all the old reliable problems—differences of years, background and religion, for example—are carelessly surmounted all the time by lovers. So the search for something to deter, for a few reels, a middle-aged, middle-class Marcello Mastroianni from turning his one-night stand with Nastassia Kinski, a spunky student, into a full-scale affair has led the creators of this film to bedrock taboo: the possibility of incest.

Mastroianni has no sooner bedded the girl than he learns there is a chance that she might be his daughter, the issue of one of his youthful liaisons. The mother is long dead, and the truth is never definitively determined, but the scandalous possibility is not to be taken too literally anyway; it serves mainly as something for a naturally cautious, rather distracted male to employ as justification for his hesitations. Even without it the man evidently would come to resist the impulsiveness and vitality of his young lover. When she finally leaves him, it is not the taboo that drives them apart, but her romantic insistence on ending the affair at its peak, before quarrelsomeness sets in.

Despite its predictability, this relationship has a certain charm, thanks largely to the acting of the principals. Mastroianni is one of the few actors who can play weakness and retain an audience's sympathy, mostly because of his ability to make sweet-tempered comedic comments on male vulnerability. Kinski is simply ravishing, genuinely sexy and high-spirited without being painfully aggressive about it. The result is a surprisingly pleasant diversion. — **R.S.**

Kinski and Mastroianni in *Stay As You Are*
If predictable, charming

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The glass-walled Bonfils Theater Complex, with the Boettcher Concert Hall at left

A New Theater in the Rockies

The future meets the present in Denver

"The Dawning of the Denver Decade in American Theater," proclaim the promotional brochures. "What other cities did in the '60s and '70s, Denver is doing *better* in the '80s!" It is home-town boosterism, of course, but in this case the hyperbole is close to the truth. There is an advantage to being last, and Denver's Helen G. Bonfils Theater Complex, which opened with the new year, has learned from everybody else's mistakes. Elegantly beautiful, it also boasts what may be the most flexible and workable cluster of theaters in the country.

The $13 million complex is an unusually solid marriage between architect and artist. Theater Consultant Gordon Davidson, director of Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum, worked on details for six years with Architects Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo. The result of all that planning, says Artistic Director Edward Payson Call, can only be compared to a wonderful playpen for directors, who can use dramatic concepts impossible in many other places.

The largest house, named simply the Stage, has a thrust stage, with the audience on three sides. Not one of its 643 seats is more than 50 ft. from center stage. Six hydraulic lifts can carry actors and scenery up and down; plays will be done in repertory, so there is ample room in wings and flies for sets from at least two productions. Behind the Stage's thrust is the second theater, a pentagonal house, 100 ft. in diameter, which is aptly dubbed the Space. All seats are movable, and the director can use the room any way he wants, his only restraints being the limitations of his own imagination.

The entire complex is so adaptable, in fact, that the Stage and the Space can be combined into a giant cyclorama merely by raising the soundproof screen that divides them. "Just because everybody else was building shoeboxes didn't mean we wanted shoeboxes too," says Donald R. Seawell, chairman of the Denver *Post* and the man behind the arts center.

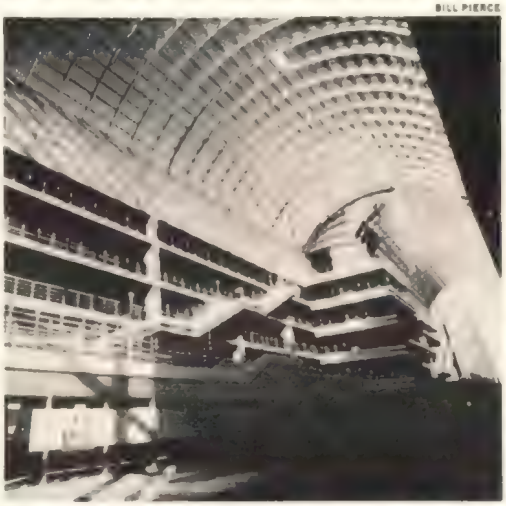
For audiences, the most obvious pleasure is Roche and Dinkeloo's stunning design. Entering from the plaza, which the complex shares with the rest of the arts center, patrons come into a great glass tent, held up by concrete and steel girders. The effect is both dramatic and exhilarating. The sense of excitement is heightened as visitors walk up to a second level, which curves around the Stage and offers—smog permitting—views of the Rocky Mountains. The feeling is like that on the promenade of an ocean liner, and in warm weather doors will be opened to an outdoor balcony. The architects, who designed the Ford Foundation building in Manhattan and the new wing of Deere & Co. headquarters in Moline, Ill., have always been masters of glass-enclosed interiors. The Bonfils site has shown them equally adept at providing dramatic vistas to the world outside.

Dimly lit, tunnel-like passageways provide a transition between the bright public areas and the theaters and their mysteries. The only real weakness in the Bonfils design is that it bears no relationship at all to its two-year-old neighbor, the brick-walled Boettcher Concert Hall, designed by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates for the Denver Symphony. Both buildings are admirable but in disquietingly different ways. It is unfortunate that the same architect was not assigned to both. The disunity may be less noticeable, however, when the 76-ft.-high glass Galleria, which now leads to both entrances, is extended to cover the entire plaza. Shops and restaurants will soon be opened along the sides of the 60-ft.-wide Galleria, and eventually the city's dreary downtown may be provided with some of the street life it now lacks.

Beautiful as it is, the theater complex is only as good as those who work inside, and in that respect Denver is particularly lucky. Almost at once, Call has fashioned a true repertory, capable of switching between Molière's *The Learned Ladies* and Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* in the Stage and Orson Welles' *Moby Dick—Rehearsed* in the Space. Performances are uniformly excellent, and the only quibble is Call's choice of plays. Molière is always Molière. But all Brecht is not good Brecht, and it would take more than the Denver company to turn the overlong, tedious *Chalk Circle* into an exciting evening. Welles' play shows the enormous capabilities of the Space, but that is about all. It is good theater, but not good drama.

The people who run the Bonfils, however, are testing themselves and their audience. Center Chairman Seawell, who was a successful Broadway producer (*The Great Sebastians* with Lunt and Fontanne) before he moved west in the '60s, is already satisfied with Denver's response. "I thought I was building for the future," he says. "The audiences made me realize I was building for the present." — *Gerald Clarke*

BILL PIERCE



The arts center's soaring, 76-ft.-high Galleria

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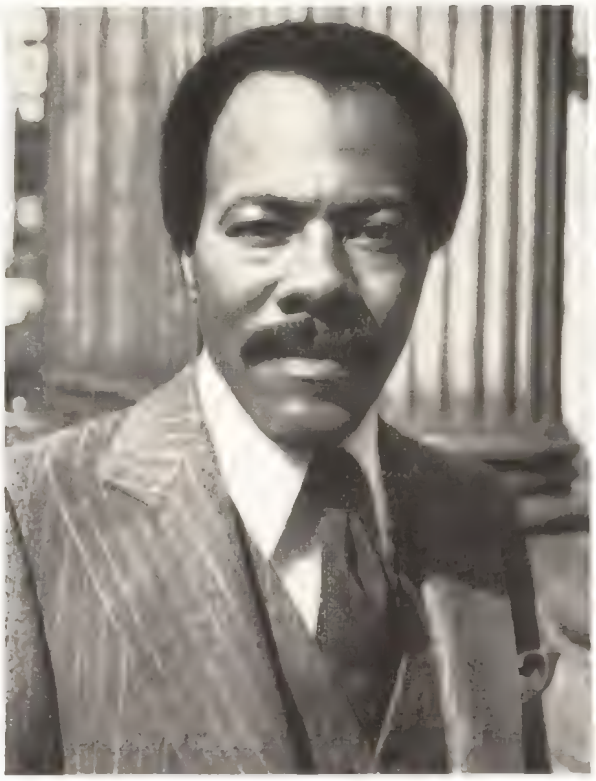

One of these mayors now runs a city with safer-driving employees, lower taxes and a brand new fire truck.

The mayor on the left saw that his city was headed for problems. A dangerously high accident rate among drivers of city-owned vehicles and a growing exposure to lawsuits made his community especially vulnerable to liability losses. At the same time, the city needed a new piece of fire-fighting equipment it couldn't afford

The solution was provided by cooperation between city government and private enterprise.

The insurance company that provides coverage analyzed the community's loss record and safety procedures. The company helped set up a new loss control program which included a training course for drivers of city-owned vehicles. The result was a substantial decrease in the number of preventable accidents.

That in turn made it possible for the insurance company to reduce the city's municipal liability insurance premium by $35,000–enough to purchase the new fire truck

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- Encourage your local and state governments to establish loss control programs
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Teaching the Scientific ABCs

3-2-1 Contact *lifts off on public TV*

How do you pet a bee?
Very care-ful-ly.

That sort of whimsical patter is a specialty of the Children's Television Workshop, producers of prizewinning *Sesame Street*, which uses the pizazz of commercial TV to teach preschoolers their ABCs. In a new educational TV series that begins this week on most of the 282 U.S. public television stations, CTW now applies its zingy production style to a more complex and elusive subject: science. The series of 30-min. shows, with the space-age title *3-2-1 Contact*, provides glimpses of everything from leaping lizards and killer whales to computers that talk and roller coasters that whip their riders upside down.

Trini, Marc and Lisa use dish detergent to make lava for a mock volcano

Big Bird, Ernie and other *Sesame Street* favorites are gone from CTW's newest undertaking, which aims at a somewhat older and presumably savvier audience, ages eight to twelve. The show's hosts are three young people, Lisa, Marc and Trini, who are forever leaving their Tinkertoy clubhouse for short, filmed sorties to labs, beaches and races—a total of 100 trips in 65 shows. At the start of each episode, Marc announces, "Science is fun," and then tries to prove it. Cartoons are shown to explain how things work, and celebrity guests occasionally drop by to take part in the action: Tennis Pro Arthur Ashe, for example, hits a serve timed by radar, and Actor Gene Wilder illustrates communication by talking to a dog. The episodes end with a minimystery film starring three young detectives, known as the Bloodhound Gang, who reason their way to the solution of a crime.

CTW President Joan Ganz Cooney explains that her team wants "to build an appetite for science, not force feed it." Elementary-school teachers, responding to CTW's announcement of the show, have requested 100,000 copies of a free classroom guide. Though the show will generally be aired after school, the Friday program, which reviews the week's material, will also be broadcast during morning hours for classroom use.

Youthful sleuths: The Bloodhound Gang

Arthur Ashe serves, Gene Wilder talks.

3-2-1 Contact was developed at a cost of $11.7 million, using grants from the U.S. Office of Education and National Science Foundation, as well as the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the United Technologies Corp. The sponsors hope that the show can help close a gap in science education in the early grades. Says CTW Research Director Milton Chen: "In surveys of science achievement, you see a pattern of declining interest in science around junior high. We're trying to intervene earlier to try to encourage kids to stay tuned in to science." Another goal: stimulating interest in scientific careers among minorities, who now make up only 4.4% of scientists and engineers, and among women, who constitute just 9.7% of the total. Host Marc is a young black; Trini, one of his two girl companions, occasionally speaks Spanish on the show.

For each week of the 13-week series, the shows stick to a general theme, such as hot and cold, near and far, big and little. "These are dimensions that eight- to twelve-year-olds use themselves in organizing their own experience," says Chen. For example, to demonstrate that sound consists of vibrations, Marc and Lisa play with a toy telephone made by stretching a string between two tin cans. Then the scene shifts to two cartoon characters who joke about dialing wrong numbers. To introduce gravity, *3-2-1 Contact* skips the traditional account of Sir Isaac Newton and the falling apple and shows a Hollywood stunt man plummeting from a four-story building; sensibly, Marc refuses to follow him.

CTW surveyed 10,000 youngsters to help develop the series. The surveys found that students were quick to grasp pictures, but yawned at lengthy explanations. *3-2-1 Contact* thus keeps the film rolling and dialogue fast paced. The inevitable result: few detailed discussions of scientific theories or principles. National Frisbee Champion Krae Van Sickle, for instance, likens the spinning disc to a gyroscope, but fails to explain what a gyroscope is, or how it works. The show rushes on to a glider sailing through the Colorado skies. It is all pleasant viewing, but does it really teach science? Probably not, in any systematic sense, as CTW admits. Says Research Director Chen: "This is a show focused on attitudes, on encouraging positive feelings toward science." Adds Joan Duea, past president of the Council for Elementary Science International: "The show doesn't replace teaching. The teacher still has a job to do." ■

People

Maybe it's the foods they prefer—lamb, lightly cooked vegetables, whole wheat bread, raw sugar. Or perhaps, the air of artistic freedom they have been breathing. Whatever the causes, **Ludmila** and **Oleg Protopopov,** the Soviet figure skaters who defected last fall, are performing like teen-agers, although he is 47 and she, 44. The Protopopovs left home because they were no longer able to do the routines that gained them two Olympic gold medals and transformed figure skating from muscular jumps into frozen ballet. Now they can, on a U.S. tour with the Ice Capades, which features the pair glissading and grinning all the way.

■

Once again it was time for a ten-best-dressed-men list, compiled by a group of custom tailors called the Fashion Foundation of America. The F.F.A. has a suspicious habit of cutting choices to fit names in the news: **Jimmy Carter** and **Anwar Sadat** shared top honors, although Co-Peacemaker **Menachem Begin** was considered too rumpled. This year's 40th annual roll showed a unique alteration: title of the world's best dressed man was awarded to Pope John Paul II, who is into cassocks, capes and red pontifical hats and shoes, rather than business suits and dinner jackets. No matter. The way the Pope wears his traditional raiment, insisted the F.F.A.'s Charles Richman, is nothing short of "elegant."

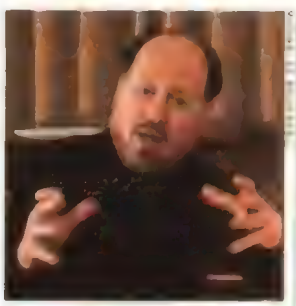
■

Following a legend, conceded Composer **John T. Williams** last week, "will be very difficult." Still he seems a logical choice to take the baton of the late **Arthur Fiedler** as conductor of the Boston Pops. A month short of his 48th birthday, Williams has written more than 50 film scores, and won Oscars for three (*Fiddler on the Roof, Jaws* and *Star Wars*). The new leader will meet his musicians at a Boston rehearsal next week, then conduct his first concert at Carnegie Hall. The parent Boston Symphony Orchestra, which depended on Fiedler's prodigious performances to keep it in the black, hopes the groom in what General Manager **Thomas Morris** calls "a nice marriage" will provide the same sort of dowry.

Last year's best-dressed man

Figure Skaters Oleg and Ludmila Protopopov in a frozen ballet

A congratulatory kiss for Ann Jillian from the man she looks up to



New Pops Conductor Williams

■

It's not easy to look up to the man who is going to make you a star when you're 5 ft. 8 in. and he is 5 ft. 3 in. So Singer-Dancer **Ann Jillian,** 29, opening a nightclub act last week at Manhattan's Reno Sweeney, looked down—sweetly—on **Mickey Rooney,** who had got her booking. Since he first spotted Jillian two years ago, Rooney has also wangled her a part as a showgirl in his Broadway hit *Sugar Babies* and a role in the upcoming movie, *Panic on the Potomac,* in which they will both play spacepersons who land in Washington. Jillian is described as eight-times-wed Rooney's "official protégée," meaning she gets the jobs because, as Mickey insists, "her looks are superfluous to her talent."

On the Record

Larry Hagman, Texas-born star of *Dallas,* on the city behind the soap opera: "If we did the real Dallas, they wouldn't let it on the air."

Muhammad Ali, retired heavyweight champ, after his third White House visit: "If there is a black man to be President, they might just run me. I'm getting used to this place."

Chick Singers Need Not Apply

Four new women rockers take aim and take off

There is a sex problem here; a certain difficulty of gender, even regarding the slang. Standard record-biz patois for new talent on the rise is "breaking out." A quartet of plastic inflatable Teddy bears like the Knack, who came off the crackling short circuit of Los Angeles rock clubs and had a No. 1 album first time out this summer, are said to be breaking out in a big way. That message is clear, not just because of the size of their success but because they are all guys. Say that four women, Ellen Shipley, Carolyne Mas, Ellen Foley and Pat Benatar, are breaking out with their separate debut albums, and it just

Pat Benatar: screaming with impunity

sounds as if they have bad complexions.

These four have produced, within the past few months, records that stand with the most promising work of the year from any gender, male, female or convertible. Their music, despite different shadings of style, shares a boldness of spirit, a feeling of fragility conducting a heavy flirtation with absolute abandon. It can strut tough, cry soft or laugh up a sleeve. The best of it can go big and make the long reach look easy. It is mainline, rock-bottom rock 'n' roll, and it puts a lot of the fellas to shame. Or should, anyhow; but there are these problems . . .

Rock is still a kind of music—and a life-style—in which women are frequently called "chicks" and are, as performers or presences, expected to behave accordingly. You cluck prettily. You smooth your feathers nicely. You don't try to take over

Carolyne Mas: ready to step out

Fragility flirting with absolute abandon.

the barnyard. When Carolyne Mas says, "I'm not a chick singer," she is not so much handing down a manifesto as setting up an aesthetic credo. Mas has no special interest in forcing some shotgun wedding of feminist politics and rock; neither do the others. They sing songs of personal reflection, not propaganda. But the rock business will not let you forget how you look.

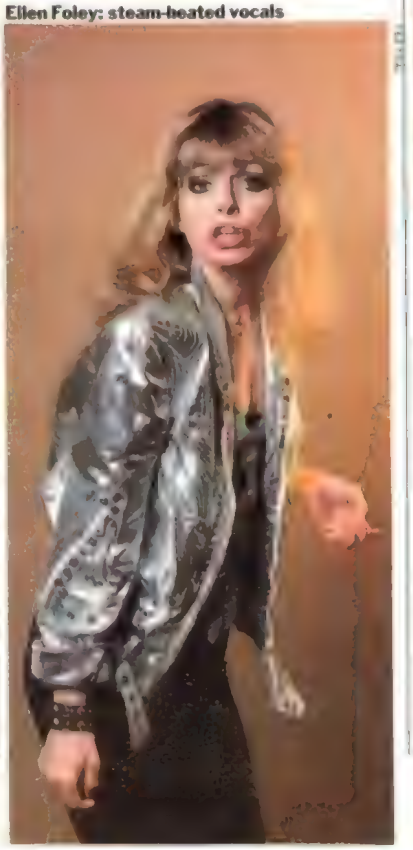
Visiting a New York radio station on a promotional swing, Ellen Shipley discovered that "if you look like someone's old girlfriend they won't play you." She says, however, that the problem has as much to do with archetypes as stereotypes. "It goes much deeper than male chauvinist attitudes," Shipley observes. "In music, a white woman has traditionally been set up to play a role for teen-age male fantasies." Mas reflects simply, "Record company people wanted me to do a Stevie Nicks or Blondie. You get a lot of that stuff." One reason for this is that Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac and Deborah Harry of Blondie have done very well, thanks, by trading on their nifty looks as well as their considerable skills.

"For a woman," Shipley says, "it's vulnerability or strength. People want to push you one way or another." These four are not averse to a little push. All of them

Ellen Shipley: doing real things

take great, if sometimes contrary, care with their album photos (Benatar's picture makes her look like a black widow Piaf) and, in hallowed Hollywood tradition, Shipley and Foley decline to give their ages. Still, these women give some indication that if they do not find a fresh new direction, they may at least open up a different route.

Ellen Foley: steam-heated vocals



Ellen Shipley might not have written, never mind recorded, *Heroes of Yesterday*, one of the best tunes on anyone's album this year, if she had not been booted out of her theater class at Hunter College. "You ought to be out of here doing real things," her professor told her, so Shipley (born Shippelkopf) swapped her half-finished master's for a series of the prescribed real things, including marriage, playwriting and a job as an assistant to the music critic of *Saturday Review*. The marriage shat-

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Music

tered, the play never got produced and the magazine got sold. Shipley tried singing in a folk-rock duo in 1976, took a job as a receptionist at a rehearsal studio to keep the apartment heated. She also kept writing, encouraged by a couple of musicians around the studio like Keyboard Player Ralph Schuckett, who helped her with musical structure, co-produced her first album and now shares a brownstone in Brooklyn with her. In *Heroes of Yesterday*, there are echoes of the mock-Wagnerian melodramas produced by Phil Spector for '60s girl groups such as the Crystals and the Ronettes, but Shipley's lyrics try to go deeper, attempt to capture the ebbing of a lost childhood ("Born too late, born too late ..."). With a little luck, however, Shipley may have come along just in time.

Pat Benatar, 27, was born, like Shipley, in Brooklyn, and there is a lot of New York in their voices and their wise, wily, wounded attitudes. But if Shipley evokes various girl groups, Benatar sounds like all of them packed tight into one. She can put a lot of sass into a song like *I Need a Lover* ("Who won't drive me crazy"). Benatar's teen-age studies as a coloratura soprano have taught her, she says, "a lot of technique and stamina—I can scream without hurting myself."

Ellen Foley can cut loose with the power, too, but her training was strictly Broadway, and her big break came on the Meat Loaf *Bat out of Hell* album, where she undercut Loaf's buffalo bellows with some full-throated purring. The most overtly sexual of this quartet, Foley tries for what she calls "the woman-child look," but turns out more like an F.W. Woolworth vision of Lana Turner. "Rock 'n' roll is about rhythm and movement," she reminds us, then supplies a footnote on anatomy: "Your sex is very close to your heart. It's got to be a total piece." If the biology is inaccurate, one listen to a steam-heated Foley vocal performance like *We Belong to the Night* makes such a consideration seem irrelevant.

Carolyne Mas, 24, grew up a suburban New York kid but writes with a cosmopolitan air. She sang Gilbert and Sullivan with the Light Opera of Manhattan, can even find a kind word for Cole Porter among random enthusiasms that run from the Who to the Police. In collaboration with Guitarist David Landau, Mas cooked up a tune called *Quote Goodbye Quote* that bids fair to become a classic evocation of the romantic kiss-off. Mas sings it with a distinctive wit, while Landau and the rest of her band make sure the music stays in a state of perpetual overdrive. Mas' songs vary from reveries to roughhouse declamations without missing a beat, and if she keeps up this pace she may be dogging Randy Newman's tracks in a few years. No telling then if she will still have the time and the disposition, as she does now, to keep her friends trim by cutting their hair. Clippers and scissors, but no razor; one chair but no waiting. — ***Jay Cocks***

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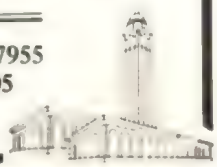

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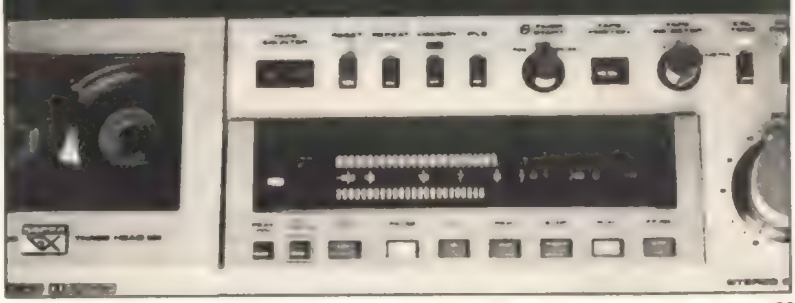

Theater

Pinter-Patter

BETRAYAL
by Harold Pinter

Imagine an instant replay—not in slow motion, but in reverse. That is what Harold Pinter has done in depicting an adulterous love affair. It is over in the first of nine scenes, and it begins just before the curtain drops. This is a clever conceit. Pinter, as we have much past reason to know, cannot write a wrong line—or a dull pause. The key actors, Raul Julia, Blythe Danner and Roy Scheider, are marvels of professional finesse, and Peter Hall's direction is ticktock perfect in its precision.

Yet the net effect is that of watching a campaign that a MacArthur or a Rommel might have mounted with toy soldiers. The stakes are not high. The people are not emotionally engaging. And such pin-flares of love as do appear seem to have been struck from a wet match. Obsessed as Pinter is by rooms, the drawing room seems to make him a trifle uneasy. *Betrayal* is a kind of bittersweet Noël Coward comedy in which the people are brittle, and more laconic than witty.

Chronologically, Jerry (Julia) makes

Blythe Danner in *Betrayal*

A chemically combustible instant.

a slightly tipsy pass at Emma (Danner), the wife of his best friend Robert (Scheider) at a party at Robert's house. In one of those chemically combustible instants, their eyes hold. Their hands and hearts follow. Jerry is a literary agent, Robert is a publisher, Emma runs an art gallery, London sophisticates all. Jerry and Emma rent and decorate a suburban flat for illicit afternoons, which begin rosily but develop nagging thorns.

About halfway through the seven-year liaison, Robert and Emma go to Venice for a vacation, and it becomes obliquely clear that Robert knows about the affair. Perhaps he knew all along. Who knew what, when, constitutes the sole suspense factor of the evening. A confirmed philanderer, Robert is not about to incite a showdown. But it goes rather deeper than that, into the realm of male bonding. Jerry does not really feel remorse about betraying his unseen wife, but he feels terribly guilty about betraying his best friend. Similarly, Robert complains that they never play squash any more, a symbol that they are no longer close.

Pinter probably has fewer women in his dramas than any other major modern playwright. When they do appear, they are almost invariably presented as mothers or whores. In his superbly crafted and deeply felt *The Homecoming*, he merged both roles in the sibylline central figure of Ruth. In that sense *Betrayal* is a dramatically interesting departure, for Emma is not really a mother/whore character. It is also a mettlesome test for Blythe Danner, who is one of the most formidably gifted younger actresses on the U.S. stage. Otherwise, *Betrayal*, which contains the most pauses of any Pinter play, is something of a pause itself in a portentous playmaking career. — **T.E. Kalem**

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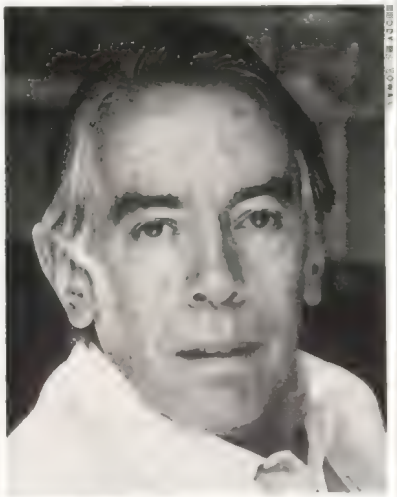
Lost and Found in the Stars

SHOW PEOPLE *by Kenneth Tynan; Simon & Schuster; 317 pages; $11.95*

The age of mass entertainment is but a blip on the screen of evolution; yet the process of changing *Homo erectus* into *Homo sedentarius* is well under way. We sit; we watch; we listen. We sit, talk and read about what we have seen and heard. As a drama critic and former literary director of England's National Theater, Kenneth Peacock Tynan knows what keeps readers and audiences in their seats. He did, after all, conceive and produce *Oh! Calcutta!* Tynan can be glib, self-serving, tricky and loosely digressionary. But he is never dull. At 52, the graying provocateur describes himself as "a cricket-loving radical" and misses few opportunities to tease the bourgeoisie about the joys of the flesh.

Show People is mainly about the joys of talent and the satisfactions of professionalism. It is a collection of long profiles, originally published in *The New Yorker*, which reflect what the author calls "my abiding obsession with the skills that enable a man or woman to seize and hold the rapt attention of a multitude." His current choices: British Actor Ralph Richardson; Czech-born British Playwright Tom Stoppard; Johnny Carson, board chairman of the American talk show; Comedian and Movie Producer Mel Brooks; and Louise Brooks (no relation), film beauty and sex symbol of the 1920s.



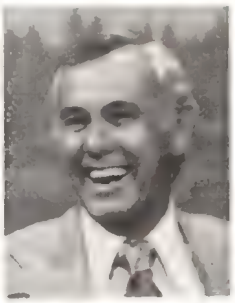
Kenneth Tynan

Notes of a cricket-loving radical.

Tom Stoppard

Mel Brooks

Louise Brooks



Johnny Carson

Sir Ralph Richardson

Tynan seems to move easily and confidently on both sides of the Atlantic. He should. In addition to many friends on the London stage, he has connections in New York and Los Angeles, where he has lived for the past two years. He is one of the few journalists who actually keep a daily journal, which he employs here as a film director might use jump cuts. He has the panache to handle the first person singular, although the effect can be cloying when he immodestly quotes himself: "Above all, there was the voice [Sir Ralph Richardson's], which I once described as 'something between bland and grandiose: blandiose, perhaps.' Or, as I wrote in another context . . ." Elsewhere, after noting that he made last-minute cuts and transpositions in Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*, Tynan proudly quotes from one opening-night review: "As gay and original a farce as we have seen for years."

Tynan pays his respects to criticism in shrewd analyses of Richardson's performances and brief exegeses of Stoppard's plays. But mainly the author aims to please both his subjects and his readers. He is dazzled by Stoppard's stylish pessimism and flashy wordplay, yet wisely blocks him from the company of Beckett, Nabokov and Oscar Wilde. Deftly, Tynan puts his judgment of Stoppard in the book's foreword: "A uniquely inventive playwright who has more than once been within hailing distance of greatness." The piece itself is an adulatory delight, especially a scene in which Stoppard emerges as a game-saving hero of Harold Pinter's cricket team after Pinter and his lover, Lady Antonia Fraser, retire to a nearby pub to avoid a confrontation with Pinter's wife.

Running into Johnny Carson can be trouble too, especially if one is an anxious guest on his *Tonight* show. Tynan has been there on what he calls "two vertiginous occasions." His impression: "The other talk shows in which I have taken part were all saunas by comparison with Carson's. Merv Griffin is the most disarming of ego strokers; Mike Douglas runs him a close second in the ingratiation stakes; and Dick Cavett creates the illusion that *he* is *your* guest, enjoying a slightly subversive private chat. Carson, on the other hand, operates on a level of high, freewheeling, centrifugal banter that is well above the snow line. Which is not to say that he is hostile. Carson treats you with deference and genuine curiosity. But the air is chill; you are definitely on probation."

Tynan smartly cracks the code of Carson's durable popularity. What you see is what you get: a complete professional, as fast on the draw as any who share his spotlight; a neatly dressed Midwesterner whose underlying rectitude is beamed to millions of weary nine-to-fivers as a conspiratorial wink indicating that show

Excerpt

"Arms folded, he surveys Los Angeles by night—'glittering jewel of the Southland, gossamer web of loveliness,' as Abe Burrows ironically called it. A waiter brings him a soft drink. 'He looks like Gatsby,' a young actress whispers to me. On the face of it, this is nonsense. Fitzgerald's hero suffers from star-crossed love, his wealth has criminal origins, and he loves to give flamboyant parties. But the simile is not without elements of truth. Gatsby, like Carson, is a Midwesterner, a self-made millionaire, and a habitual loner, armored against all attempts to invade his emotional privacy. 'He had come a long way to this blue lawn,' Fitzgerald wrote of Gatsby—as far as Carson has come to these blue pools . . ."

people may be glamorous, but they are not to be taken seriously

Tynan, the great appreciator of rare abilities, can explain the aggressive surrealism of Mel Brooks' ethnic humor, but it does not quite appear to be the Briton's cup of tea. There is a hint of distance in the title of the Brooks piece: "Frolics and Detours of a Short Little Hebrew Man." There is admiration for the creator of the 2,000-Year-Old Man, but it is undermined by the portentous remark that "by playing a character who was immortal, Brooks may have staked his principal claim to immortality as a comedian." And why, after recalling the freebooting hilarity of *Young Frankenstein*, does Tynan resonate like a Viennese psychiatrist? "We have seen that Brooks is driven by a fear, amounting to hatred, of mortality; and what is *Young Frankenstein* but the story of a man who succeeds in defeating death?"

Tynan is best when he unreservedly gives his heart away, and Louise Brooks is his ideal recipient. He visits the actress, now seventyish and living in a small Rochester apartment; he finds her arthritic and surrounded by volumes of literary classics. "Most beautiful-but-dumb girls think they are smart, and get away with it, because other people, on the whole, aren't much smarter," she tells him. Smitten with images of Louise's dark, gamy sexuality in such films as *Pandora's Box* and *Prix de Beauté*, Tynan is now thoroughly captivated by the frail star's reminiscences of her fast, libidinous life. It is an erotic meeting of minds. "When we were talking on the phone," she says, "some secret compartment inside me burst, and I was suddenly overpowered by the feeling of love —a sensation I'd never experienced with any other man. Are you a variation of Jack the Ripper, who finally brings me love that I'm prevented from accepting —not by the knife but by old age?" She also tells Tynan that, in her rich experience, Englishmen made the best lovers. What more could a star-struck boy of 52 ask for? — ***R.Z. Sheppard***

Stony Parables

HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS
by Joanne Greenberg
Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 194 pages; $9.95

In this collection of ten short stories, Joanne Greenberg seems eager to make things go bump in the daytime. Take the case of Aunt Bessie, a nice Jewish woman who one day stops believing in God. Watched by a cautiously admiring niece, Bessie goes on to renounce faith in banks, germs and electricity, although her unplugged television set somehow still carries whatever programs she wants to watch. Only when Bessie decides that all natural laws, including gravity, are myths does she receive her alarmingly literal comeuppance. Her niece finds her floating like a balloon about the house, being hectored and scolded by mysteriously televised rabbis. She pleads her disbelief, to no avail. "Foolish woman," a rabbi replies, "a soul goes in and out of belief a hundred times a day. Belief is too fragile to weigh a minute on. You stopped running after Him, looking for Him, struggling with Him. Even His Laws you turned from!"

Although the whimsy in this story is nicely done, Bessie's punishment strikes a censorious note that is less happily picked up throughout the book. Greenberg draws a number of characters only so that she can quarter them. A young man smuggles cocaine from Mexico into the U.S. and

Joanne Greenberg
"Too fragile to weigh a minute on."

meets up with a *malakh*, a Jewish angel who subjects him to humiliating lectures: "Whenever the Lord has been convinced to widen His mercy or extend His patience it has been at the behest of a fool. You are such a fool."

In other tales, a couple trying to submerge their heritage in a Wasp suburb are threatened by an old yenta; if they do not give money to her charities, she will expose them to the smothering tolerance and curiosity of the Christian community. "On Passover," she warns, "you will be the Jew on the fellowship committee; you will explain in the schools, you will explain in the churches, you will bare your souls in the Cultural Exchange Fellowship of the Women's Auxiliaries . . ." And a mother meditates caustically on the thought processes of her two teen-age children: "Instant communication, total openness, family life and sex ed. at school, and now everyone knows everything in a pop-psych, literal, pea-brained way."

A reader may agree wholeheartedly with such statements and still have an uneasy feeling. Greenberg displays little of the sympathy she expended on the mentally ill in *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* (1964) and on the deaf in *In This Sign* (1972). People in these stories are self-maimed, and get treated accordingly. The artistic regimen is ascetic. "Talmudic Law," one of her characters explains, "forbids the overdecorated letter, a letter for art's sake and not for the formation of legible words." Nothing is overdecorated here; Greenberg spends little time telling where her characters live or what they look like. In one story, a parent complains about a wayward son, but it is impossible to tell whether the speaker is mother or father.

What remains clearly legible throughout is Greenberg's complaint against contemporary society and what one character calls the "weekend-guest view of life." Aunt Bessie bobbing helplessly across her ceiling is a comic parable of the effects of freethinking, except that the author is not laughing. Her stony integrity often redeems these stories from irritating knuckle-rapping. They engage the mind, unsettle it and survive as disputatious reminders of first principles and last things. — ***Paul Gray***

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (3 last week)*
2. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (2)*
3. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (1)*
4. Triple, *Follett (4)*
5. The Establishment, *Fast (5)*
6. The Executioner's Song, *Mailer (9)*
7. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart (6)*
8. Sophie's Choice, *Styron (7)*
9. Top of the Hill, *Shaw (8)*
10. Portraits, *Freeman (10)*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
3. White House Years, *Kissinger (3)*
4. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot (4)*
5. Cruel Shoes, *Martin (5)*
6. Serpentine, *Thompson (6)*
7. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (9)*
8. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright*
9. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff (8)*
10. The Americans, *Cooke*

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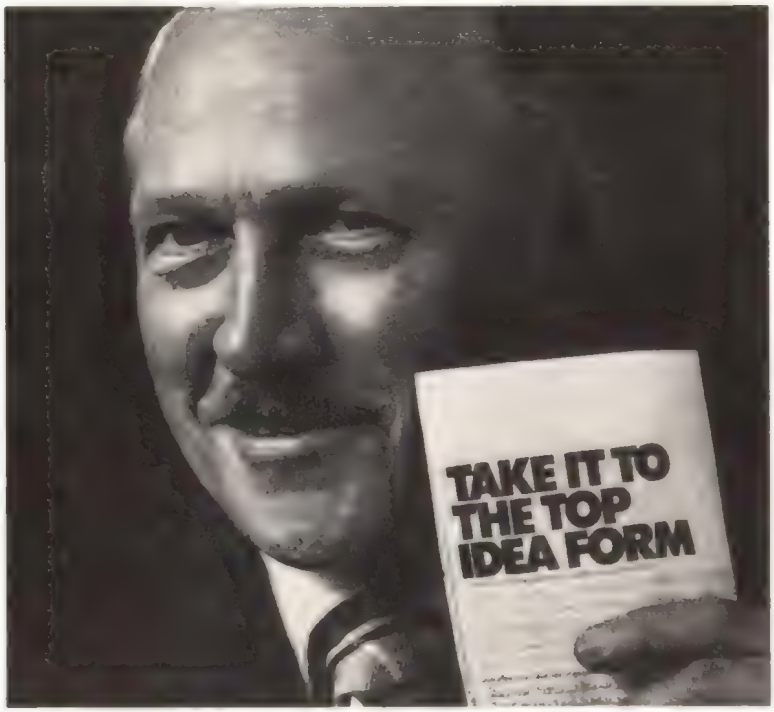

Joe Holland, who works at Bethlehem's Boston Ship Repair Yard, was awarded a new car for his better idea a method for using otherwise lost heat in powerhouse boilers.

Joe's better idea—turned in as a suggestion in Bethlehem's 1978 "Take It To The Top" program—now helps us do a better job at our ship repair yard in Boston, Mass.

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When you get right down to it, deficit spending by government is the chief cause of inflation. We need to take better ideas to the top in government, too. We need to keep government aware that unfettered spending must be brought under control—and that one way to check inflation is to make our tax dollars more productive.

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Cutting inflation down to size is everybody's business. One way you can help is to take your own better idea for fighting inflation to someone who can do something about it.

That someone may be President Carter...your boss... your governor...your representatives in Congress...?????

Your idea, like Joe Holland's, *can* make a difference. But only if you share it.

Bethlehem

Working Smarter

Time Essay

Why Forecasters Flubbed the '70s

The decade just ended left behind a great many fresh reminders of why prophets have always had difficulty winning honor on their own turf. The forecasting about the 1970s turned out to be a pathetic flop. Virulent inflation and an epochal energy crisis are only two of the most ominous realities that eluded the visions of virtually every forecaster. Moreover, the failure was marked by far more than the understandable inability to foresee *all* the astonishments to come; many, perhaps most, of the positive projections also turned out to be dismally wrong. To mention only one, the twinkle-toed, bell-bottomed, bead-draped, mind-blown, laid-back Consciousness III that Charles Reich saw aborning in *The Greening of America* (1970) proved to be a huge bag of promises, or threats, or wind, that never quite got delivered.

The 1970s diverged socially, politically and psychologically from the paths and contours that the futurists imagined. Actuality put the lie to most prophecies long before anybody in the U.S. had even heard of the Ayatullah Khomeini or imagined the trouble he would bring. Well before Iran, it was evident that forecasters, including the most respected, had flubbed by failing to foresee the fateful sagging in U.S. productivity, the influx of women into the work force (hence increased dual income), the decline in the birth rate, and the wrenching financial crisis in such cities as New York, Cleveland and Chicago. The 1970s, in other words, flatly disregarded most of the advance billings.

Gross differences between history and human anticipation of it are as old as the practice of prophecy. Most respectable forecasters are already painfully aware of the shortcomings of their art, and little is to be gained by rubbing their noses in the disparities. (For one thing, it might distract them from the job of forecasting the 1980s.) Still, a certain amount of carefully aimed derision is justified in a world increasingly buffeted by overblown future schlock. Most of all, it is useful to try to understand why the predictions about the 1970s so often came to nought.

How would life in the U.S. be if a mere sampling of the 1969 prognostications had been accurate? The economy would be stable, steadily growing, with perhaps a bit of inflation. A superboom in housing would have occurred: a second home would be as ordinary as a second car. Vertical takeoff planes would be much in use. A safe fast-breeder reactor would be perfected. Space-shuttle flights would be regularly scheduled. Anticancer vaccine would be available at the neighborhood clinic. Ugly transmission lines would all be underground. People would be shopping by two-way cable television. Teaching machines would be widely used. Office work would be mostly automated. An electronic control lane for trucks and buses would make passenger cars safer on the highways.

Let us also consider some of the less sanguine projections. The disaffected young would have been rebelliously out front browbeating the Establishment in waves of dissent that would have continued to expand after the 1960s. Widespread religious fervor would have found a channel in a holy crusade against technology. Assassinations would have been frequent. Unrest would have swept through high schools. A grain glut might have triggered an agricultural depression. A breakdown of the cities would have produced chaos beyond anything ever seen before. Some urban areas would have banned the use of gasoline-powered automobiles. Do-it-yourself facelifts would have been on the market.

Admittedly, the end of the 1960s brought forth a few sound intimations about the years that were to follow. The forecasters generally sensed that the world would get by without general war, that the U.S. and Soviet Union would manage greater mutual restraint. A number of observers guessed that American society would move into a hard-to-define period of reflection, a time for "sorting

Illustrations for TIME by Kimble Mead

Essay

out," as Columnist Joseph Kraft called it. Economists, in any thorough analysis, were not flatly wrong in projecting continued prosperity; there has been that in spite of the discombobulations of recession and soaring prices. But the cumulative forecasts of politicians, sociologists, philosophers, scientists and journalists, including some of those that found their way into this magazine, fell dismally short of even hinting at the actual shape and tone of the society that took form in the '70s. Such was the record that Education Professor Ronald L. Hunt, who designed the nation's first graduate program in futurism at California's San Jose State University, says that the 1980s ought to open the "age of humility" for forecasting.

Why did so many guess so wrong about so much? There are a variety of answers, but disappointingly few illuminating ones from the forecasters. Professional analysts, enamored of their computers and software and print-outs, tend to mutter and mumble about technical imperfections in their still young methodology. Many admit that they erred by simply extrapolating from the trends that seemed evident as the '60s decade ended. Translation: they predicted that the present would persist into the future. Says Boris Pushkarev, vice president of New York's Regional Plan Association: "It's easy to continue trend lines. It's hard to predict changes in trends." Translation: it is hard to know what is going to happen. The '70s were especially hard, according to Peter Schwartz, head of S.R.I. (formerly Stanford Research Institute) International Futures Group, because they featured so many "low probability events." Translation: forecasters, just like ordinary people, are finding out that life is full of surprises.

There are bound to be more satisfying and fundamental explanations for the recurring shortcomings of forecasting and prophecy. In fact, there are three distinct reasons, among which the interplay is intimate and intricate.

First, the forecasters, with no known exceptions, remain human beings; as such, they are subject to the same capricious influences of optimism and pessimism as everyone else. Even the most detached analyst, in the words of Edward Cornish, founder of the World Future Society in Washington, "comes to a choice of a pessimistic or an optimistic scenario." Meanwhile, real events blurt forth utterly indifferent to optimism, pessimism and statistical probability.

Second, the typical forecaster is triumphantly rationalist. This may be an admirable trait, and yet such a mind tends, against all the lessons of history, to exaggerate the importance of rationality as an influence in human behavior. The rationalist mentality is often too easily enchanted by the sweet orderliness of charts, graphs and logical analysis. Says Economic Planner Rosemary Scanlon of New York: "The danger comes when you believe that these computer print-outs are facts instead of just future possibility." There is also danger in forgetting that the world and people often go berserk for no good reason at all.

Third, the forecaster, like every human, is thwarted not only by the future's dark density but by a tendency to misread the present. In 1969, for instance, analysts and social observers generally mistook the transient conniptions and rebelliousness of the 1960s for an enduring mood. Later they found, in the words of Irving Rein, professor of popular culture at Northwestern University, that "the revolution just stopped and one day you opened your eyes and it was like 1956 all over again on college campuses." Economic prophets similarly misconstrued ephemeral quirks of the economic apparatus as fundamental trends.

The simple alternative to such lapses in any decade or time is to look coolly at the present and remember history's most striking lesson: this too shall pass. It is not an easy lesson to keep in mind, particularly when the future, even next week's, will ever remain essentially opaque. It must be, as so many have said, that the seeds of tomorrow are buried in today. But they lie much too deep, and germinate much too subtly, for ordinary eyes—or even computers—to detect all of their potential fruits.

— Frank Trippett

Milestones

MARRIED. Jessica Savitch, 31, anchorwoman on NBC-TV's weekend *Nightly News;* and **Mel Korn,** 50, head of a Philadelphia ad agency; she for the first time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

DIED. Celia Sánchez, 57, the zealous Communist who fought alongside Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra during the Cuban Revolution and later became his nearly constant companion and Cuba's most powerful woman; of what the state-run radio called a "painful illness"; in Havana.

DIED. Simone Mathieu, 71, French tennis star and Resistance heroine; after a long illness; in Paris. In the 1930s, Mathieu won three women's doubles titles at Wimbledon. Sentenced to death by the Vichy government for helping to organize the Free French movement in London, she led Charles de Gaulle's *Compagnie de Volunteaires Françaises,* known as the "French WACs."

DIED. John W. Mauchly, 72, co-inventor of the first all-electronic computer; during heart surgery; in Abington, Pa. The Ohio-born physicist was teaching at the University of Pennsylvania in 1943 when he and Graduate Student J. Presper Eckert Jr. began building an electronic machine to replace mechanical devices. The ENIAC (for Electronic Numerical Integrator and Calculator), a 30-ton leviathan completed in 1946, was 1,000 times speedier than any other computer. After selling their company to the Sperry Rand Corp., the two devised smaller and even quicker machines, among them the celebrated UNIVAC, developed in 1950. But Sperry lost its early lead in computers to IBM, and ENIAC's creators, having signed away their patents early, never achieved great wealth. Said Mauchly: "That is life."

DIED. George Meany, 85, U.S. labor's leader for a quarter-century; in Washington, D.C. (*see* NATION).

DIED. Oscar R. Ewing, 90, head of the Federal Security Agency for five years before its 1953 reconstitution as the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; in Chapel Hill, N.C. Ewing, a Wall Street lawyer, led Harry Truman's bid to win nomination as Franklin Roosevelt's running mate in 1944 and engineered his 1948 presidential campaign. At the F.S.A., he sharply expanded the Social Security system. Critics accused Ewing of helping to build a welfare state, but he insisted that federally provided basic services were "the best possible defense against socialism."

MURDER REVEALED. Joy Adamson, 69, naturalist and author of *Born Free* and other books, previously reported to have been slain by a lion at her camp in central Kenya. Police announced last week that she had not been mauled but stabbed to death; three former employees of hers are being held in the case.

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